



Docce me Domine viam tuam ut ingrediar in veritate tua
Teach me thy WAY O Lord I will walk in thy TRUTH.
Ps. 86. 11.



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THE
Situation of *PARADISE*
FOUND OUT:

Being an
HISTORY
Of a Late
Pilgrimage ⁸⁰/₄
UNTO THE
HOLY LAND.

With a necessary
APPARATUS prefixt,
Giving Light
Into the whole **DESIGNE.**

I have chosen the Way of Truth, Psal. 119. v. 30.

L O N D O N:

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THE
SITUATION OF PARADISE
FOUND OUT

HISTORY

OF THE
PARADISE

OF THE
HOLY LAND

AS
REVEALED BY
THE
ANGELS OF DEATH

AND
THE
SACRED
SCRIPTURES

4/18/42 C.O.L.

Lun. Res. Harris 18 Feb. 42. B. Cockwell

A N
ADDRESS
T O

The Gentry

Of both S E X E S,

And the Youth,

In this Kingdom.

F Rom as many of You as have
either Estates too Narrow and
Limited for the Greatness of
Your Minds, or are delighted
with curious Inquiries and new-found
Lands, or know how to divert Your

A 3

selves

To the Gentry of both Sexes.

selves with the Tales and the Legends of Love, can be pleased in reading a *Cleopatra* or a *Parthenissa*; these Papers may hope for a favourable Reception. Though their own Worth may not be great, what they present You with, I am sure, is justly valuable. The Ambitious and the Covetous may here feed both their Desires; the one may be ennobled, the other enriched: You are told how to seek, and invited to lay hold on Crowns of Glory, and Riches not to be exhausted: You are taught how to adde to an Earthly Inheritance conveyed down to You by Your Ancestors, an Inheritance better and safer; a Land flowing with Milk and Honey, with the richest Abundance, and the delicious Overflowings of unbounded Joys. In the next place, to all them whom Discoveries please, here is given the Greatest, and the Noblest, and the most Necessary besides.

And

To the Gentry of both Sexes

And lastly, if they chance but to meet with Sanguine Readers, such as are taken with Composures of this nature, and are of a Temper that is Soft and Passionate, as they are the most proper for, so are they the most likely of any to move these: Yet if this cannot be done, it will be well enough, if they can do no more but detain such Persons a little while from what is worse.

LADIES,

You, among the rest, may challenge no small Propriety herein. Unless You are out of love with Your Beauty, You cannot be displeas'd at One who directs You to a Fountain that will render You far more lovely and beautiful: that will make You attract even Angels for Your Lovers, and all the blessed Choir of the fairest and the chastest Spirits holily *inamour'd* on You. Whereas if You wash not in

To the Gentry of both Sexes.

this Fountain rising out of *Paradise*, it is impossible for Your Beauty either to be perfect, or not to fade. I doubt not also but that *Pilgrims* Habit will become You as well as another Dress, and the Virtues sit upon You like so many incomparable Jewels.

But that which most of any thing commends it to You *All* ; this is not (as is frequently so) a Present of dry *Ethicks*, or of troublesome *Speculations* : but what may better sute Your Age and your Degree , and which now and then may serve (at least) to pass the idle time away as delightfully, and more innocently than is now usual. 'Tis an honest Policy, a Stratagem to make You in love with Religion, a Counter-treason to betray You into Felicity, a Designe to render You Happy , against Your Wills. Without any Fucus, this shews You true Happiness and true Pleasure ; and

To the Gentry of both Sexes.

I may presume I know You better, than that You can be angry at me for shewing You the last. Nay, forasmuch as this mean Essay comes upon such an Errand, though it's sent not forth perhaps in so rich Dress as it deserves; it will be no more I hope for this despised, than the poor Labourer who opens You a wealthy Mine: nor will such a Proffer, I believe, be rejected by any, onely for that the Tools and Pick-Axes are not of Gold. Besides, it requires somewhat of favourable Allowance, as coming from one that is no Ecclesiastick: Nor can it hence be thought *the Foolishness of Preaching*. Nay, he is so far removed from Envy or Interest, and so much Your Friend, that he would not for all the World rob You even of one small paultry Pleasure, but to give You a thousand; to give You Pleasures better and more refined, more real and

satis-

To the Gentry of both Sexes.

satisfactory. And he hopes You will not esteem it in him so unpardonable a Crime of *Profane*, to make You *Christian Epicures*.

Who if he can but thus insensibly snare You, and before You are aware draw You back from the Vale of Death, and the Pit of Eternal Burnings; he fears not at all but that in the other Parts (which he hopes will be abundantly more delightful than this first) You will be ready to bear him company, unto the Land of Endless and Unconceivable Delight. But in good earnest, till You have gone so far, You must not think to take *Heaven by Violence*, or leap over the Mound, into the *Paradise* of God: to find a Place out which You never so much as sought after. However, he is confident he hath done his best, and what he can, and heartily wishes
in

To the Gentry of both Sexes.

**in the * Jewish
Form of Com-
precation, that**

* Da porticum meum in Horto E-
den, munda me in seculum futurum
justis destinatum, notum fac mihi
quidam vira, & facia me letitia
vultus tui gloriosi. Lit.

Your Portion

**(whatever it be before upon Earth)
may be in the Garden of Eden.**

THE

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A N
 APPARATUS,
 O R
 Preliminary Discourse
 O F
 PARADISE:
 T H E

Authors Designe, and manner of Writing.

S E C T I O N I.

THE Jews tell us of two Paradises; one of which they call * Pardés Hachócma, or the Paradise of Wisdom; the other † Pardés Hanéshamoth, or the Paradise of Souls, and the Animalia Sanctitatis, (the Angels) and placed above the Ninth Heaven. By the first, mean-

B

ing

ing the Acquist of Spiritual and Eternal Truths ;
and by the latter, the possession of Eternal Bliss :
So making one the preparation and the introit into
the other, the Contemplation of the Divine and
the Angelical Natures, and of the stupendous Fa-
bric^t of the Creation, (which is the first) the
prepossession of and admission into that other Pa-
radise which is above. Now were we but so hap-
py as to find out, or set footing in either of these,
there we might feed on the Tree of Knowledge

* Nullus hic Cherubin
qui arceat, nemo qui a-
ditum inhibeat.

without sin ; * on the Tree
of Life and Immortality,
without being repelled by a
Flaming Sword, or the fiery

Judgments of an angered and almighty God. But,
say they, he who enters here, must not be idle and

אֵין רֵאיוֹן לְטִיִּיל, בְּפֶרֶס
אֵלֶּא מִי שֶׁנִּחְמָלָא בְּרִסּוֹ
לְהַכּוֹת וּבִשְׂרֵף וּלְהַכּוֹת
וּבִשְׂרֵף הוּא לִידַע הָאֵסוֹר
וְהַמְּוֹחָר :

R. Maim. Halc. Jes. Hathorath.
c. 4.

lazy, drowsish and una-
dive, † must not
starve and macerate
himself, but must fill
his belly with Bread
and Flesh ; and that

it is Bread and Flesh to know what is prohibi-
ted and sinful, what lawful and righteous : This
being as much the Food of our Souls as they are of
our Bodies. Thus did our Saviour Christ, using
this common Jewish Metaphor, call it, || His
Meat to do the Will of Him that
sent him, and to finish his Work.

|| Joh. 4. 34.

And so must every good Disciple of his think of
the

the performance of his most Holy Will, that would this day and ever be with him in Paradise; here in one, hereafter in the other.

§ 2. *Into the first * the Paradise of Divine Science, the holy Par-* * Ecclus. 24.
nassus, the Grove of chaste Muses and devout Philosophy, the Garden of God, the Garden of the eternal Wisdom planted upon Earth; not many enter, not many strive to enter. The Arithmetick of the Jews is indeed somewhat strange, that will allow but Four to have entered, viz. Hazai, Soma, Elisa, and Akiba, Talmudical Doctors. But however, certain it is, they are very few and soon numbred; a very inconsiderable parcel of men that are so happy. And as into the first there are reckoned these Four whilst they were living, into the other they reckon not so many by one; Enoch, Elias, and R. Joshua, to have entered whilst their Souls were embodied with Flesh; to whom some Christians added St. John as a fourth, to complete the number. They also confining not onely Paradise, but even the Resurrection unto the Seed of the Circumcision, give almost as narrow an account of those who have put off their Flesh, as they do of the others; notwithstanding they make these to pass through a Purgatory as bad (if not the same with) Hell. In like manner the Holiness of the Christian Religion, and the Lives of its Professors, have made some conclude (and publicly declare as much) that not

one in a Myriad of us are to be saved, and would make Paradise very small and uninhabited.

§ 3. *Now to prevent this, and thereby refute a conclusion that must needs be distastful unto most men, I (who delight not to terrifie my Readers with the narrowness of the Way, straitness of the Gate, and littleness of Christs Flock, but had rather shew them a great multitude, which no man can number, of all Nations, and Kindreds, and People, and Tongues, standing before the Throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white Robes, and Palms in their hands, Rev. 7. v. 9.) shall try to chalk them out not a rugged, uneven, crooked, or by-path, but one that is safe, easie, and pleasant.*

§ 4. *The Pardés Hachócma which I have told you to be the entrance into this of beatified Spirits, and which is therefore attainable (and must of necessity be attained) in some measure upon Earth, by all good and all wise men, is very much the same with that which is called the Life or State of Grace; and is that Divine Wisdom which takes up so great part of the Proverbs, the Book of Wisdom, and Ecclesiasticus.*

§ 5. *Moreover, the Rabbins signifie by it,*
 1. *Talmudical Contemplations.* 2. *The Science of the Divine Attributes.* 3. *Their Fourfold Interpretation of the Scriptures.* 4. *The Philosophy of Natural Bodies and Angels.* *It may also be taken these two ways; viz. as it is to be drawn*

drawn from the Book of Nature, or of God ; which we may call the Natural and Scriptural Paradise.

I. *The first is the consideration of Man himself, his Author, Matter, Form, and End both intrinsic and extrinsic ; and so from him passing to the Great World, of the Multitude of created Beings, their Diversity, Powers, and Beauty, the Earth, Water, and Fountains, the Air, Fire, Heaven, Sun, Moon, and Stars ; from thence to the Rational Soul ; then Angels ; then the Essence of God, his Power, Wisdom, Goodness, and Justice ; which the Pen of Cardinal Bellarmin hath very piously and pathetically drawn, (for Virtue is so amiable, that I like her even in an Enemy, and am bound to do justice to him from whom I differ in Opinion) in those excellent Meditations of his decrepit Age, to which he gives the Title, Of the Ascension of the Soul to God by the Steps of the Creatures ; in imitation, he tells us, of The Souls Itinerary done by Bonaventure. And he says, that*

* those who by Gods special leave are any other ways admitted into Paradise, are not to be said to Ascend, but to be Caught up thither ; which St. Paul confesses of himself, when he says he was caught up into Paradise, and heard

* Qui enim singulari Dei dono per aliam viam in Paradisum admissi audierunt arcana Dei, quæ non licet homini loqui, ii non ascendisse, sed rapti fuisse dicendi sunt. quod de se B. Paulus aperte confitetur, cum ait: Raptus suam in Paradisum, & audiui arcana verba, quæ non licet homini loqui. Pref.

Unspeakable Words, not lawful for man to utter.

I I. *The Book of God, as it deserves most justly, so it has received from some, the name of Paradise. Aloysius Novarinus, in his Paradisus Deliciarum, has quite throughout kept prettily to the Allusion, and very handsomly turn'd the literal truth of the Story, and spiritualized it. Herein every Leaf is moved and shaken with the Breath of God, and the Garden is watered with a River which is Gods, streams of Living Waters; and here also not one, but every Tree is a Tree of*

* Joh.c.6 v.68.

† Rev.c.22.v.2.

*Life, bearing the * Words of Eternal Life, and that which is for the † Healing the Nations.*

|| Et nunc deambulat in Paradiso Deus, quando divinas Scripturas lego. Paradisus est Genesis liber, in quo virtutes pullulant Patriarcharum; Paradisus Deuteronomium, in quo germinant Legis præcepta; Paradisus Evangelium, in quo arbor vitæ bonos fructus facit, & æternæ spei mandata diffundit per univēfos populos, l. 6. Ep. 41. ad Sabin.

Rivers are the Four Evangelists, saith the

* Moses Bar Cepha, Biblioth. Patr. tom. 1. p. 491.

others. The Law is a Paradise, say they, and so

† Psalterium est Paradisus animarum. Cass.

|| *Then God walks in this Paradise, when I read therein, saith S. Ambrose. This is the Paradise or Garden of the Holy Ghost, whose*

* Bishop of Bethraman and o-

thers. The Law is a Paradise, say they, and so is the Gospel: the

† Psalms, and the Prophets, and the

* Epi-

* Epistles are so
many lesser or
greater Paradises

* Ἀπὸ λεγόντων ὅτι πᾶσι δέσονται τὰς πόλεις
(sc. Pauli) ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ Θεοῦ. Chrys.
Homil. 21. Ep. 2. Cor.

for the man to till, Gen. 21. 15. and gather
thence the Fruits.

† Whosoever en-
ters, must be him-
self a Paradise,
(that is, innocent,
calm, and pleasant) or be converted into one.

† Lector quisquis es,
Paradisus esto, ut Paradisum ingrediaris,
Aut ingressus evade:
Serpens huc nullus, nullus aspis accedat;
Dolus omnis exsit, & omne virus.
Al. Novarin. Eluct. Sac. l. 1.

§ 6. Both this and the former are contained
under the general name of Pardés Hachócma ;
and that too under the name of the Heavenly.
The one being but the Consummation and Com-
pletion of the other : the first a Foretast of the
last : the one of
|| Sojourning, and
the other of Tri-
umphing Saints.

|| Paradisus Spiritualis duplex est, u-
na est in ecclesiâ militante, altera in
ecclesiâ triumphante. Bonav.

There are also other Divisions;
as into that * Within, which is a ver-
tuous and serene Mind ; that † With-
out, which is the Church Militant ;
that || Above, which is the Church || Superior.
Triumphant ; that * Below, which is * Inferior.
the Affluence of Temporals, Joy, and
Abundance in this Life. Of these may the Di-
vine Author say, † I have made
me Gardens and Paradises, פרדסים † Ecc. 2. 5.
and I have planted in them Trees of all
Fruits.

§ 7. *But for the better explanation of the Allegory, and the discovery of the Analogy betwixt both, it will be necessary to premise somewhat concerning the Terrestrial Paradise. The Author of Paradise Lost, handsomly describes it.*

-----In this pleasant Soil
 His far more pleasant Garden God ordain'd ;
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
 All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell,
 tast ;
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High, eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
 Of vegetable Gold ; and next to Life,
 Our Death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew
 fast by,
 Knowledge of Good, bought dear by know-
 ing Ill.
 Southward through *Eden*, &c.

And in another place, speaking of Raphael, he says,

Their glittering Tents he pass'd, and now is
 come
 Into the Blissful Field, through Groves of
 Myrrh,
 And flowring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and
 Balm ;
 A Wilderness of Sweets : for Nature here
 Wanton'd

Wanton'd as in her prime, and plaid at will
Her Virgin-Fancies, pouring forth more
sweet ;

Wild above Rule or Art ; enormous Bliss.

Of the Fountain he says,

But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that Sapphire Fount, the crisped
Brooks,

Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
With mazie Error under Pendant Shades,
Ran Nectar, visiting each Plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise.---

Of the Gate he says,

--- ---It was a Rock
Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,
Conspicuous far.---

*Here, though I might be voluminous upon the
History of Paradise, and those many Inquiries
concerning it that are to be found among the
School-men and the Commentators ; lest I
should exceed the bounds of a Discourse that is
Introductory, (which I am afraid I shall ne-
vertheless) I must be very short upon each Par-
ticular. First, I shall shew what was known
thereof to the Heathens : Secondly, Inquire whe-
ther*

ther it yet exists: Thirdly, give some account of its situation: And then lastly, lay down the Grounds and Reason of the Allegory.

I. That the Heathen World had knowledge thereof, I make no doubt. It is not improbable that they should receive such a Tradition (of a Garden in the East) from the Sons or Grandchildren of Noah, who were the Fathers of their Nations. And every one has Experience enough to tell him how much Tradition and Rumor will in a short time grow unlike themselves, and what they were at first. But yet if it were not so, the Egyptians had space and opportunity, no man can deny, to learn the same from the Jews: and the Greek Philosophers who travelled into Egypt, might learn it there. For the Garden of Jupiter in Plato, seems to me to be the very Translation of the *Garden of the Lord, Gen. 13.

יִדְיָן
Διδε Κηρ
In Symp.

10. in Moses. (Though I know Dr. Parker, in his Centure of the Platonick Philosophy, will not allow this.) The

† Et vero fabulam hanc esse Phœniciam constat ex ipso Elysii nomine, quod ex Phœnicum lingua desumptum. Ebralcē enim יִדְיָן alaz, יִדְיָן alatz, יִדְיָן alaz est lætari & exultare; & יִדְיָן aliz lætus, יִדְיָן alizuth exultatio. Inde Elysus *ϣανυς A & E permutatis, ut in Enakim, Evila, &c. Geogr. Sacr. l. 1. c. 34.

† Elysian Fields, from the Descriptions we have of them. I take to have been at first the Land of Eden. Both signifie almost the same; Eden the place of Pleasure, and Elysium the Place of Joy, (as learned Bochart derives

derives it.) Whence Jerusalem is by the Prophet Isaiah called Kirjath Alyzah, c. 22. v. 2. the City of Joy and Exultation; a Joyous City we render it; so very well besitting the Cœlestial Jerusalem, and excellently expressing the Christian Elysium. Besides, the variety of Opinions concerning the situation of Elysium, makes me the apter to believe this. For some of them placed it upon the Earth; others near the Empyræan Heaven; others under the Earth, in the Confines of Hell. Of those that placed it upon the Earth, some said that it was far beyond the Ocean, some in Rhodes, some in the Fortunate Islands, some in the further part of Spain, and not far from the Pillars of Hercules; some about || Egypt, others about Lesbos; some said that it was an inaccessible place,

|| Οἱ μὲν οὖν αὐτὴν ἐπὶ τῆς Ἀφρικῆς εἶπεν, οἱ δὲ ἐπὶ τῆς Ἀσίας εἶπεν οἱ καὶ παραπλάγιον θάλασσαν ἵκανον.—Hesych. Vid. etiam Plutarchum in Vit. Sertorii.

the Barbarians. Not but that I allow a great deal to the Invention of the Poets. The Gardens also of Alcinous, and the Hesperides, are like enough to be stolen Relations of this our Father Adam; altered and mangled by transmission from the Phœnicians. These are perhaps but several names for the same place. The first I conjecture to be the same with Pardes Al Cena-

אל כנען
אל כנען

an, and by a light mistake (of *two Final Letters not much unlike)

Al Cenaas, the Garden or the Paradise of Canaan, and is thence easily made Alci-

nous. It is described by

† "Εὐλοβὸν δ' αὐλῆς μέγας, &c.
Odyss. H. v. 112. ad 132.

the † Ethnick Poet (whom we may allow to dress it

up according to his own fancy) A place large and pleasant, (as much as Fiction can make it) where delicious Breaths continually blow, and the Fruits || fall not from the

|| Τῶν ἑσπέρων καρπὸς
δυναμύων. ib.

Trees, or ever rot, but hang untoucht with any Blast or

Worm; the choicest for their Excellency, and wonderfullest for their Perpetuity; a place having always the Fertility of one Season of the year, and yet the delightfulness and beauty of the other; ever blest with a rich Autumnal Spring. But from the strong aversion they had against the Jews, who placed it in the East, these would therefore place it in the West; and call the Eastern Garden the Garden of the West,

or

or the Hesperides (*which is all one.*) And this Opinion hath continued hitherto in some few parts of the Idolatrous World, who think the Souls of their Friends are carried into a place of Rest that lies toward this quarter of the Heavens. Adonidis Horti in the Poets, the delicious and fragrant Gardens of Adonis, may perhaps be the * Garden of Adonai, (*which is the name of the Lord in* * Gen. 13. 10. Ezech. 28. 13. *the Hebrew; and also the common reading of the most Holy and Concealed Name* † E H O V A H, *) multiplied. Ambrosia, which signifies Immortality, or a Preservative against Death, and is that on which they supposed their Deities to feed, by eating whereof they became unable to die, Pontamus and others will have to be the Tree of Life; but Nectar is more apparently derived from the Hebrew Fountain, and is the same both in its † Origination and Use with Cauthar the* קטר נקטר *River of the Mahometan Paradise. But more than all this, I find the very name of Paradise was not unknown unto them: Psellus saith it was used in the Magical Rites of Zoroastres. It appears from him, that the Learned of the Chaldeans knew it, though they took it in a Metaphorical and Spiritual sence, understanding thereby Virtue and Wisdom; which is the same with the first division of Paradise I mentioned.*

II. This blessed place which the Jews knew by infalli-

*infallible History, and the Gentile World by Fables, has busied the Curiosity of a great many Inquirers; and it is the Opinion of some, that it was never destroyed; or if part of it was, not all. For it was uncurst by God, say they, and needed not any Deluge to purge it, like the rest of the Earth. Here they will have Enoch and Elijah to live together, and to feed on the Tree of Life in the midst, or (as others will have it) in the East of the Garden. Near which Tree, they who will allow the greatest part of it to be drowned and defaced, yet reserve a few (about six) acres for them. * Bellarmin is very positive, and never read, he says, anywhere that the general Flood drowned it. Sure I am that the Scripture says,*

* De Grat. pr.
hom. c. 14.

† All the high Hills under the whole Heaven were covered.

† Gen. 7. 19.

III. Concerning the Site thereof, the place where it was planted by God (which is my third Inquiry) there are so many differences and oddphanties, as to make it (as in all the rest, so) in this, an exact figure of the Heavenly one, and to typifie too fitly the many Heresies and Wandrings in the search after this latter. Some place it in the middle of the Earth; some in Chaldea, Syria, Arabia felix, India, Babylon, the Isle of Eden; Bar Cepha upon an high Mountain above this habitable Earth, that reacheth up to the Moon; Origen in Heaven; others

thers make it the whole Earth, (as if Adam, before he was brought into Paradise, must have been no-where ; and when he was banished out of Paradise, was banished out of the World) every place to be Paradise, before Sin entred with a Curse. I hear there is a Manuscript in Corpus Christi-Colledge-Library at Oxford, wherein it is said to have been found by Alexander the Great by the River Tigris; and that the way to it is therefore unknown, because if it should begin to be otherwise, it would be so resorted unto and fill'd in a short while with the Rich from all parts, that there would not be room left for a poor man. What credit this deserves, let the Reader judge as pleaseth him. I have not room to try the validity of these several Opinions which I have named; of which and many others, they that would be further satisfied, and are able, may consult such as are quoted

in the || Margin.

Indeed, of all the numerous Relations and Opinions that I have met with, I do not think above two or three of them worth my taking notice of: Which I shall con-

|| V. Mosem Barceph. Bibl. Patr. tom. 1. 405. Basil. Magn. Hom. de Parad. T. Aquin. Summ. par. 1. q. 102. Al. Lippoman. Catenam in Gen. f. 65. Suidam in Voce Paradisus. Ortesium in eadem Voce. Perer. Comment. in Gen. l. 3. Tremell. in c. 2. Gen. Mersenn. Grot. &c. in eund. loc. Bellarm. de gratia primi hominis. Suarez l. 3. de opere sex dier. Delrio t. 1. Adag. 789. Malvend. de Paradiso. Sherlog. Antiq. Heb. l. 2. diss. 3. sect. 3. &c. W. Rawleighs Hist. World, c. 3.

sider with as much brevity as they are capable of,
after

after I have removed an Objection that would render all this Inquiry useless. There are some then that argue very plausibly, as if the general Deluge had so altered the face of the Earth, changing the currents of Rivers, that there is not left any possibility of finding out where the Earthly Paradise was. To this I readily agree (though I am not sure) that there might be a great alteration in the surface of the Earth; but I cannot be brought to believe that Moses, who wrote many hundred years after this Deluge, would have so particularly described its situation by Rivers and Countries not in being, or not as they were then. Havilah or Evila was known for a long while after, Eden for two thousand years, Ethiopia and Euphrates unto this very day. Wherefore there is not much doubt but that his Description was then understood by the Jews, when he writ his History. Besides, I shall prove hereafter that the knowledge of its true Site will conduce not a little to the more clear understanding of several noble less-heeded passages of Scripture. I do not reckon among these Objectors an ingenious Philosopher, who has upon this Subject very lately published his Thoughts, but shall give him among the Inquirers the first place.

I. He hath happily gone a different way from
Burneti Telluris The- all others in search after the
oria Sacra, 1681. Earthly Paradise, and with-
 out following the puzzling Mæanders of Rivers
 that

that are now but guessed at, hath used a strict and a Philosophical method. His Hypothesis or Supposition of this and the Deluge being all one, must therefore be considered together. I count that person not unworthy of the highest Commendations, who like him abstains from such proofs as are dubious, and in the most difficult and abstruse things so regularly follows the Guidance of Nature. None ever before him thought, by searching into the nature of what was proper to Paradise and to the Antediluvian World, a perpetual Spring, length of Life, and fertility of Soil, to decide this noble Question. Neither can these Phenomena, or the Universal Deluge, be any otherwise than as he has laid down, tolerably explained. His Theory nevertheless I conceive might be somewhat mended: But though it be very bold, I do not think it in the least dishonourable to God; and I my self could strengthen it by more than one Argument, but am afraid to run out too far. He forgot indeed to provide for one great part of the Creation, the Fishes that cannot live out of salt water; which, in my opinion, might yet be done by the same Principles he uses. Now his Explication of the Deluge, notwithstanding it seems to overthrow what I have said, and am about to say, concerning Moses his description of the Site of this place, you shall see that it rather confirms it. He holds that this Mass of the Earth was then broken, and that we

now inhabit onely the Rubbish, as it were, and the Ruines of the first Happy Earth. But now as we can find where stood such or such Temples and antient Edifices by their Ruines; so in like manner will the Ruines of Paradise shew us the place where it was. Nay, this is so certain, that I must needs dissent from this learned man, when he is against translating the Names in Moses, and thinks we are not sure either of Euphrates or Tigris, which are universally agreed upon to be meant in the Text. To what I just now said, I adde, that there are Names and Descriptions of places in Ptolomy and Strabo, that are able to puzzle the most expert Modern Geographers; although their Writings are of a very considerable Antiquity, in comparison with the Book of Genesis. Besides, it is plain that Moses, on purpose that he might be understood, uses not the old, but the new names by which the Places were called in his time; and some of which, if not all, were imposed a good while after the Flood, particularly Havilah and Cush, as may be proved out of Gen. 10. v. 6. & 29. Concerning Euphrates, I cannot see what reason there should be of doubting; for any one may as well suspect Rome not to be Rome, as Hu-Phrath not to be Euphrates. And that Hiddekel is Tigris, nothing can be more plainly made out from Dan. c. 10. v. 4. I suppose therefore that Paradise took not up all the Southern Hemisphere, but onely some part thereof,

thereof, whence these Rivers had their Original: and in holding this, I do not much disagree with him. To search out which that part was, is not so easily done. Yet if we can learn certainly where Eden lies, we cannot be much out, though we should not prove able to shew you the division of the River into four heads, in that the breaking of the Earth will easily solve that difficulty, if you please to consider it. An Italian Virtuoso who much after the same manner explains the Deluge by the sinking of Beds of Earth into the Abyss, says those places have remained so as they are from the Creation, whose Beds are unbroken and alike. Now in this Dissolution (if it be true) the greater parts must retain some likeness to what they were. Whence if there can be found a large, smooth, and unbroken Plain in the Equinoctial, East of the Holy Land, in Eden, and watered by a River that may probably be supposed to be divided into four others, of a better Mold than any other Earth, and bearing a visible resemblance of the Primitive World, I judge it may reasonably be conjectured to have been either all, or a part of that Garden which was planted for our first Father. But for this, it is needful that we descend to more particular Inquiries.

The most generally received Opinion is, that it was about Mesopotamia, and there lack not some probable Arguments to uphold this.

But yet it is an upstart Opinion; and the Author, who lived about an hundred years ago and no longer, bragged that he had received it from neither Hebrews, Greeks, or Latins. Besides, though a great many Learned men maintain it, yet they almost all differ in this one from another; and they are hard put to it to derive Aurantis from Eden.

3. But in my mind the most probable of any I have met with, as also the most agreeable to the Allegory I pursue in these Papers; is of Nicolaus Abram in his Discourse of the Rivers and place of Paradise. Where he is against such as seek for it out of the Holy Land, and conjectures its situation to have been there where the Sea of Galilee is, and the Convallis Illustis (so called from its preeminence above all other parts of the Country). Who after that he has proved which are the Rivers understood in the Text, from their peculiar properties, the derivation of their Mosiac and their more common names, and the concurrent Testimony of sacred and profane Writers; after that he has made it probable that Jordan was the River which watered Paradise, and after it had watered it to be (by Conveyances underground) divided into the four other Rivers that Moses names, from its being sited in the midst of them, not running into the Sea, very sufficient Authority for all this from its name Jordan, contracted of Jaar-Eden the River of Paradise, and

not from Jor and Dan ; after also he has proved this most luxurious and rich Champaign in the whole World, and the Sea of Galilee (otherwise called the Lake of Gennesareth) to be in the Land of Eden, (as it is taken in the Scripture-acceptation) and in the East of the Holy Land, which Lot beheld to be well watered everywhere as the Garden of the Lord, Gen. 13. 10. brought many Arguments, many pretty and surprising Etymologies ; and to instance in one more of Gennesar or Gennesareth, he takes to be Gan Sar the principal Garden, the first, and the most beautiful Garden of the World : And after he has spoken of its wonderful Fertility and Pleasantness, mention'd an ancient Tradition credited both by the Learned of the Jews, and the Fathers and Doctors of the Christian Church, that Adam lived in Judea about Jerusalem, was buried in Calvary ; concludes, that where the first Adam sinned, there it behoved the second Adam to expiate that sin ; and that it was fit where sin entered the World, there it should be driven out. This was the place which was chiefly honoured with his presence, trodden with his sacred feet ; here he lived and died, acted his Miracles ; crushed the Serpent's head, opened Paradise where the first had shut it, gave admission into a Celestial and Intellectual Paradise, where the first was expelled a Sensual and an Earthly one : here stood his Cross, here it was planted by evil

men, where stood the Tree of Life that was a Type of this. How fitly were the Waters of this River of Eden sanctified with his holy Body, that the vertue thereof might with those Streams diffund it self all over the Earth! It was a very ancient Opinion, that Paradise was in Palæstine. St. Athanasius in his forty seventh *Question* Ad Antiochum, mentions two Opinions

hereof; one * that it was in Jerusalem, (perhaps it should be in Judea) the o-

ther, that it was in Heaven. Which proves that it was believed of old: and though the Father think it unreasonable to believe so, because he says Adam was expell'd it, and yet was buried there: this does not refute but confirm me rather that it was near thereabouts, and according to all probability Eastward in Judea. Though I might alledge a Tradition as old as the former, of his Corpse being carried by Noah into the Ark, and afterward by him interred; whence it cannot be a Contradiction to affirm that he was expell'd Paradise, and buried there when it was no longer so. Nor is it very unlikely it should be thus. But if this were so, then must it have reached as far as Jerusalem; which whether it did or did not, makes not against what I have said. If we had but some such Description or Map of Palestine as is mentioned in the 18th of Joshua, I fancy it might be possible thereby to unper-

* Οι ἄνθρωποι ποτὲ ὄντι ἐν τῇ Ἱερουσαλὴμ ὅτι ἐν αὐτῇ ὁ Ὁυὸς ἐστὶν.

unperplex and unfold all the Difficulties and
 Bussles about this grand Question. This Opinion,
 as it has all the advantages of the rest, so it has
 none of the disadvantages; it being made Con-
 sonant both to the Philolophy of that worthy Per-
 son I named a little before, and to the accurate
 Criticisms and Geography of the ablest Studiers
 in the Art. There are, besides those whom the
 industrious Reviver of this Opinion reckons up, to
 prove it to be neither novel nor singular, many
 Modern Authors, who though they do not place
 Paradise in Canaan, do yet place Canaan in Pa-
 radise, taking into it Babylonia, Syria, Damas-
 cus, Palestine, and all that part of Minor Asia:
 one of them, whom I cannot call to mind, expressly,
 I think, names Jerusalem: and almost all the Ar-
 guments which are brought to prove it to have
 lain in Mesopotamia, or by Babylon, or any of
 those places, will serve as well to prove it to have
 lain in this place. I do suppose that Eden recei-
 ved its name from Paradise being there, and that
 it might be much larger than it is now supposed
 to be; till that part of it receiving new names,
 lost the old name, which might be the reason that
 there came to be two Edens, they being onely two
 small parts of the old Eden yet retaining its name.
 But now I am rambling about this Delicious and
 Spicy Eden, I cannot yet find the way out. As to
 the Easterly situation of this Garden, S. Arhanasius
 in the place afore-mentioned, has a Fancy there-

upon extraordinary Poetical, and which I take to be more expressive of its Riches and its Pleasures, than those Descriptions the most Fanciful Poets can give of their Elysium; viz. 'That from hence about the Oriental parts of India there are every where such fragrant scents, and that the Spices receive their Odours as if blown from that happy place. Which is good Poetry enough, (though too light for him:) and Milton has it,

-----Now gentle Gales
Fanning their odoriferous Wings, dispense
Native Perfumes, and whisper whence they
stole
Those balmy spoils.-----

Thus have I shewed you, according to what I promised, the goodly and beautiful Ruines of the most beautiful place that ever was; led you into this Eastern Eden, this illustrious and holy Vale; and here I could pluck you many a Flower, but that I am in haste, and must be gone. Onely I adde three things more that I had almost forgot. First, this was the Promised Land; and it is natural to conceive that Faith and Obedience should give just Abraham a Promise to the place, whence Disbelief and Disobedience had thrust out his Progenitor. Secondly, All the Allegories of a future State, Canaan, Jerusalem,

lem, Sion, City of God, Temple, holy Mountain, Mountain of God; Ghe-Hinnom, Tophet, the Lake, are taken from the Holy Land; and thence too very likely Paradise. Thirdly, That which thousands of years after remained the Garden of the World, may, I think (by no unreasonable supposal) be thought before the Deluge to have been so too. I have thus given as short an account as I well could of the Site of the Terrestrial Paradise; with submission to the Learned. Now I am of this Opinion; hereafter I may either alter, or confirm it.

IV. It is thought that until Eddras his time, by Paradise the Jews understood always this place, and then began first to signifie by it that of future Blessedness. For it being very hard for them to conceive an Intellectual Heaven, who were wedded so fast to an Earthly Canaan, they were forced to depaint Cœlestial Joys by what they counted most Cœlestial upon Earth, (not able to think on the higher and ecstasick Delights of unbodied Spirits) and to give them the name of that which was likest to, and typically expressive of them. All Nations never so barbarous, expected beyond the Grave a place free from Storms and Tempests, sited above the noise and hurricanes, chances and perturbations of this Sublunary World, the Refrigerium of their Fathers, and Righteous Spirits; which they described by delightful Groves, and cool Shades, and

and pleasant Meadows, and flowry Walks. Thus because they could no otherwise, they strove to decipher them by whatsoever they rated highest, and estimated dearest; by Fields, and Gardens, and Fountains; Feasts, and Musick, and Merriments. But hence too (for nothing there is but may be corrupted) sprang the brutish and fond Conceits of another State, the Turks bellish Paradise, and the fancied Loosenesses and Revels that a rude Indian hopes for. Yet in making this blessed Paradise of our first Parents, the Type and Figure of our Heaven, there can be no danger of any such sinful or gross; unchristian-like or disparaging thought thereof. For how is it possible for any one to tool himself into an expectation of sensual Joys, who considers that it was Sensuality which drove out hence Adam and Eve? or to keene his Appetite for Gluttonous Treats, when but a taste of an Apple cost them so dear? The Type and the Antitype do resemble each other so, that Guiltiness, as well as Misery, is excluded out of both: Both were planted by God; nought but Innocence can ensure either, and lack of this is certain expulsion out of both: Then the one and the other is a Paradise of Pleasure (as the vulgar Latine and Chaldee Paraphrast renders it) prepared a principio from the beginning, without any premerit of man; a most free and undeserved Donative. It is an Axiom, I remember, of the School-men,

* That

* *That in whatsoever the Scripture delivers to us concerning Paradise, the truth of the History is to be believed in the first place, and then Spiritual Expositions and*

* *Ea quæ de Paradiso in Scripturâ dicuntur, in modum narrationis historice proponuntur. In omnibus autem quæ hic Scriptura tradit, pro fundamento tenenda est veritas historiz, & de super spirituales expositiones fabricandæ. Thom.*

Allegories to be made of the same. Beside, this noble and universally received Metaphor which I use, has the Authorization and Warranty of the Holy Spirit, and is in a manner sanctified by the Pens of inspired and sacred Writers, by the Mouth of our very Lord, his most gracious Donation and dying Promise, not unto the Thief alone, but alike unto all believing Penitents.

§ 8. *There are some who take it, 1. for a place distinct from the third Heaven, and a part of Hades; into which our Saviour went, Luke 23. 43. before he ascended into Heaven, Joh. 20. 17. the State of Rest of the blessed Souls before the Resurrection. 2. In a more comprehensive sense, for the general State of Bliss both before and after the Resurrection. In which last acceptance I here use it. We are all much taken with this same place, and need not the instigation of the Proverb to bid us † seek out Paradise: all of us have an inbred desire after Pleasure, but almost infinite are our Mistakes in the pursuit thereafter; whence*

† *Quærens Placiditatem.*

whence I presume it will not be thought an unfriendly Office to tell where and how it may be found. Indeed the Author cannot pretend to Revelations, the being wrapt up thither with St. Paul, or with St. John, the having seen with the Popish Saints any of its Roses shew down from thence: He is not about to verifie the strange Ramblings in the Cave of St. Patrick, or any such Tales in the Papal Church or Jewish Synagogue; the Legendary-Travels of an Irish St.

* Iehoshua.

† Clausa est per peccatum, & per Christi passionem aperta est janua Cœlestis Paradisi.

Brandon, or the * forementioned Rabbín. Nor needs he: for it was † opened long since by the death of Christ: and we have as fair and ex-

act a Chart of it and the way, as God himself thought not unbecoming him to draw. One would therefore think this were Discovery enough, or at least that after welnigh seventeen hundred years were past, all our Disputes and Controversies about it should have been decided, and the way unto Happiness not now any longer to be sought for: That all would have agreed about this which is their everlasting Concern; have proved no less unanimous (more successful) in their Search, than in their Wishes for it; That every one would have taken up the Cross of Christ that is both light and comfortable, and followed him thither; that none could refuse his Yoak that is so easie and pleasant. But a most de-

plo,

plorable truth it is, and incredible, that men should notwithstanding study to banish themselves the Paradise of God: After they have touched the Tree of Death, refuse to be healed with the Leaves of the Tree of Life; counting it impossible to enjoy themselves, without being thrust out from the Garden of Pleasures.

SECTION II.

THe pious and excellent Labours of many Religious Writers, have hitherto in vain strove to encounter so prodigious and prevailing a Folly. These, they who need, read not; or if they do, they can perhaps in a Rational or an Eloquent Discourse, observe the neatness and the good managery of the Author, and that is all. This cannot but be more than enough to discourage any one from so unprosperous an Attempt again, and to show him the vanity of endeavouring either an Union in Faith, or a Reformation in Manners. But I know many whose weak queasie Fancies cannot digest that which is convincing and solid, who will yet be easily persuaded to divert themselves with looking over a Romance. They who despise the ungenial Ethics of a dull Aristotle, and the dry abrupt stile of a short-living Seneca, (to use their

own

own Expressions) will be the more apt to take in-
to their hands this trivial Piece. And perhaps
it may be somewhat the more conducive, because
it is sent from a Secular and Uninterested
Hand.

§ 2. *The Benefit and the Instructiveness of
History, and of the Lives of Worthy Persons, is
no less universally, than deservedly acknowl-
edged to be very Great. Yet we know the Historian
is so tyed to the Laws of Truth, that he must
tell you, if he does as he ought, as well the Faults
of him he writes of, as his Vertues; so that com-
monly he is far enough from setting you forth a
perfect and just Exemplar. Now here is none of
that disadvantageousness; nor is this Allegorical
way of writing either improper, or new. It is
storied of Chosroes, King of Persia, that he em-
ployed the diligence and the secrecie of one of his
faithfullest Servants, and almost emptied his Ex-
chequer, but to gain a copy of a small Piece that
was Parabolically written. And this was so pri-
zed by the Indian Gymnosophists, that they
held it piacular to reveal the same to a Stran-
ger.*

§ 3. *Thus was the Theology, and thus also
was the Philosophy of the Ancients taught;
whence some have writ large Volumes of the Elea-
then Mythology. Thus has Xenophon given
the pattern of an excellent Prince, and Plato of
a Commonwealth; and we have the latter ones
of*

of New Atlantis, Utopia, Severambi, &c. Not to instance in the Tales of Chaucer, the Legends of Spencer, and the jocular Visions of Quevedo, Pasquin, Heraclito-Democritus, and others: what hath been done this way by B. Hall, (under the name of Mercurius Britannicus.) Baker, Crashaw, Patrick, and Glanvil, is I think well enough approved of. And surely this same way, though seemingly so, cannot by judicious men be esteemed light and useless, when the divinest Philosopher that ever writ, thought he could not better infuse into the minds of his Readers what he wished, than under the person of his Socrates: nor the greatest Orator, than under the persons of his Cotta and others: not to go farther, and alledge the Parables of Christ, the Allegories of the Prophets, the Typical Histories and Ceremonies of the Old Testament, the sacred Poems of Tobit and Judith; which are so many just Apologies for my Undertaking. I am of the opinion, that Religion and Good Manners are not to be taught just like a Science, by Rules and Precepts, or in a Scholastick dress, but rather by Examples: I never yet heard of any whom Aristotle's Ethicks converted. This is the difference; the one way is dead and without any Spirit, liveless and unmoving; but this is animated and full of vigor, having a soul and life in it, and powerfully affecting. The Learned and the Ignorant are both alike moved hereby: it is so

so cogent, that 'tis able to work upon the most judicious and the most wise ; and yet so plain, that 'tis apt to take with the most Rude and Vulgar : fit for every one, but chiefly for the Ingenious.

§ 4. This was the antient Poetry, before ever it was confin'd to Verse. At length it was brought not onely into the Drama, but also the Epick Poem ; whence of the last sort Homer and Hesiod, Virgil and Ovid, have two of them given us the most noble and the most adequate Images of Heroick Vertue, and the other two not less delightful and instructive Figments. Wherefore I cannot agree to those who make it as late as the irruption of the barbarous Nations into Italy. It is true, that then it grew into greatest credit with the Souldiers ; but I no-where learn that the wild Germans brought it along with them thither, or that any besides the Italians themselves used it ; whence it is said to receive the name of Romanzo, and Fabula Romana. I have already exceeded the measure of that Discourse I intended, and therefore cannot stay to give you an account of its progress from the Jews, Egyptians, Indians, Persians, Arabians, Moors, Spaniards——. The last I named were so addicted to this sort of Wit, that one of them (I mean the Author of Quichot) hath in the same stile writ a Satyr against them. Which in Spain growing so in vogue, hath passed thence into most
of

of the Nations of Europe, though still made worse by transplantation, and very much abused to wanton and mean Subjects. And if we may take an estimate from the mischief it hath done now it is corrupted, the good must certainly be very great which we are to expect when once it is reformed: That which hath done the Devil such service, will, I hope, if wrested from him, do God as much; and it will be a cunning artifice thus to wound him with his own Weapons.

§ 5. The Reader has now seen the Motives and the Reason of my putting Pen to Paper. Wherefore I call this a PILGRIMAGE, is from the frequent comparison in the holy Scriptures of Gods Law to a Way which leads to everlasting Life. This has been heretofore attempted by several, tho. they have not kept closely to the Metaphor. There is extant the Scala Paradisi of an uncertain Author, in the ninth Tome of S. Austin's Works; and Robertus de Sorbonia (Penitentiary to Lewis the Ninth of France, surnamed the Saint, and Founder of the Sorbon-Colledge) in the Bibliotheca Patrum, calls a little Tract of his, Iter Paradisi; Bonaventure has besides his Itinerarium, the Seven Journeys of Eternity; Bernardinus hath writ De Paradisi Acquirendi Via. But herein they have proved unhappy, and are not worth much. The Itinerarium Paradisi of Giraldus in Italian, which I have not seen, I guess to be much after this man-

ner, onely more like a Journal or an exact Diary than this; and like unto the Victory of Divine Love, a short Romance written by the Sieur de Nerveze, Secretary of the Chamber to Henry the Fourth of France, wherein he handsomely draws the Loves of Polydore and Virgine, (under them two representing the Skirmishes of worldly Pleasure, against Seraphical;) and divides into seven Days or Sections. But truly nothing that I have yet met with in this kind, is in the least able to compare with the Critick of Gracian, or the Pilgrim of our Dean of Peterburgh. But this last worthy Person limiting himself to the Needs of a private Friend, is not of so general use as could be wish'd. Perhaps there was never one better accomplisht for such a designe than the late B. Taylor, whose extraordinary Eloquence and Sweetness must here needs have been very proper. The last Lord Orrery had indeed a Genius fitted for this; his handsome Stile, Fancy and Piety are, by as many as read those excellent Composures of his, not unworthily applauded; and had not Death prevented, we might probably have seen such Productions from his noble Muse. But our great disparity has not disencouraged me from setting about, and laying this Foundation to a much bigger Superstructure: In which my intent is to handle otherwise than by any Pen hath yet, all the Vertues Moral and Divine; their contrary Vices; the

Pas-

Passions; the rise of Errors; the discovery of the Truth; both the Pleasures of, and the Instruments whereby, to attain an Habitual Piety; with all or most the Cases that can befall not onely a private Christian, but the whole Catholick Church, and every Order of Men within it. The Reader therefore must not think strange, if he meets with some Passages here and there which are little more than References to the following Parts.

§ 6. Now if this finds not a too hard reception, hereafter may be expected, under the person of Theosophus, the Character compleated of a holy and wise Prelate; under the persons of Orthodoxus and Eubulus, of an Apostolick and pious Clergie; under Uranius, of a Divine Poet; Euistor, of a Sacred Critick; Ephorinus, of a Contemplative Philosopher: for a loyal Souldier, Cratander; for a worthy Statesman, Nestorius; for a just Judge, Diceus; for a good Physician, Lucas; and Spudeus and Philoponus, for honest Plebeians: The highest Love of God exemplified in Theophilus, Humility in Chamalus, Temperance in Sophron, Chastity in Parthenius, Vigilance in Nephalius, Charity and Hospitality in Eleutherius, an aged Piety in Eusebius, and an early Piety in the Child Erastus: Devout Widowhood in Priscilla, Holy Virginity in Parthenia, and Parental Care in Christina; and so in the rest. For it is a common truth, the very sad experience of every day, that we are sooner prevail'd

upon by Examples, than by never so excellent Precepts and Discourses. And certainly, ' our Saviour (as a late ingenious Writer hath it) ' could as well have given the moral common places of Uncharitableness and Humbleness, as the ' divine Narration of Dives and Lazarus; or of ' Disobedience and Mercy, as that excellent Discourse of the lost Child and the gracious Father, but that he knew the Estate of Dives ' burning in Hell, and Lazarus in Abraham's ' bosome, would more constantly inhabit both the ' Memory and Judgment. As for me, I can conceive nothing more moving, than to have a Prodigal represented feeding upon the Husks and the Wash of Swine. Nay, methinks it should make every one that has run so far parallel with him as to waste their Estates with riotous living, Luke c. 15. v. 13. to return also and say, Father, I have sinned against Heaven,—v. 21. Let both the severest Stoick, and the Ciceronian, and most eloquent Orator, at once lay out all their Art and their Passion, their Arguments and Ratiocination in declaiming against Luxury; it will at last come extreamly short of this one instance (duly considered) of the Rich Man praying for a drop of water to cool his tongue, cap. 16. 24. Whensoever also I read the Parable of the lost Sheep, I am a great deal more moved at the love of my God, and the rejoycing in Heaven of the holy Angels at the Conversion of a Sinner, than I

am with all the intricate Disputes of Grace and Predestination betwixt Metaphysical Airy Divines. Whence this good Shepherd laying his found Sheep upon his shouldiers with joy, v. 5. hath ever been by pious men made an Emblem of the Worlds Redeemer. What shall I say of him who being forgiven

his * ten thousand Talents, would not have patience with a poor Fellow-servant for but the paying of an hundred pence? Can any thing livelier express, or power-

* Matth. 18. 24.

A thousand Talents amounts to 1270500 l. Sterling, and the hundred Denarii to 3 l. 2 s. 6 d. which is calculated to be above five hundred thousand to one. A very vast disproportion. See Dr Hammond.

erfullier curb, our Ingratitude to God? I should have thought that nothing could have possibly more commended to the Disciples of the blessed Jesus Charity and mutual Forbearance, than this Saying of his, If you forgive men their Trespases, your heavenly Father will also forgive you yours: but if you forgive not men, no more---; till I read this home and pressing Instance, this reasonable and irresistible (one would think) Incentive to Gratitude: and had markt the great cogent Argument, and more cogent Terror, here couched in a neglected Parable.

§ 7. And as for my part, notwithstanding the Clamours that are made against it, I can find no harm in the so-much-despised Story of Tobit. Whether it be a Fiction (as is very probable) or

else real History (as the Jews would have it)
 it matters not at all. I can scarce think of any
 thing (besides the Historical Poem of holy Job)
 that can more encourage a good man (for so
 Tobit in the Hebrew signifieth) than the Re-
 wards and Blessings of his Piety, and the notice
 taken of it in Heaven. Nothing ever comforts
 and enlarges my heart more, than that the An-
 gels are ministring Spirits to our good : and
 sure when I read how one of them condescended
 to be a Servant, and to travel along with an ho-
 nestly-educated Youth, to drive away from him
 Asmodeus the Spirit of Unchastity, and cure
 the Blindness and Infirmary of his good Parents;
 I cannot but be above measure raised up with
 devout joy, and rapturous Sentiments hereof.

§ 8. The pious and ingenious Fancy through
 the Book of Judith, which Grotius hath disco-
 vered and rendred more than probable, is not on-
 ly delightful, but might be also of great use unto
 the People of God in their Afflictions. I hope I
 am not over-partial in what I here say: for though
 I know that the Lord will one time or other de-
 liver his Church, and that he is able by never
 so weak means to bring the greatest things to pass;
 yet am I more than ordinarily elevated, and con-
 firmed herein, if I chance but to read the strange
 deliverance of the Bethulians, and what great
 powers were defeated by the hands of a Wo-
 man. Questionless when Jerusalem was belea-
 guer'd

guer'd by the numerous Army of Antiochus, there lacked not (as is usual, and not unpolitical) Consolatory Discourses to keep up the Spirits of the Inhabitants from Despair. But sure nothing could be more proper, more sweetly affecting and comfortable to them, than to have their * Country Judea represented by a beautiful Widow under the name

* יְהוּדָה Gens Judea.

of Judith; the Devil their potent Adversary, by † Nabuchodonosor;

their || Temple, by Bethulia; and by the

* Sword thereof their

Prayers ascending in-

to Heaven; by † Ho-

lophornes, (i.e.) the

the Instrument of the Serpent, Antiochus. I

cannot but conjecture that these pretty Similes

did work upon them, and conduce somewhat (at

least) towards their Delivery, the expulsion of

the Enemy, and of Idolatry: and might perhaps

make Judas Maccabeus with his small Band

courageous and victorious. Nor is this so very

unlikely, since every one knows what effect but the

Story of Menen. Agrippa had, how it appeas'd

the furious Rabble, kept a great People from

Ruine: and that of the Prophet Nathan sav'd a

great King from destruction.

§ 9. The Additions to Daniel and Esther, the

Apocryphal Books of Esdras and Baruch, con-

dering their several Repugnances with History, Inconsistences with the Canon of holy Writ, and newness of their Stile, should they be read as sincere and authentick Narrations of the Truth, would not onely wofully therein deceive the Reader, but force him by an unhappy consequence to throw away his Bible, to quit for these the sacred and truer Records which were preserved in the Ark. But whosoever reads them as mere Fictions, as he cannot be deceived, so likewise he will reap that Pleasure and Profit which otherwise he might have sought for in vain. For looking upon them as humane Composures, I find Excellencies in them which are scarce to be matched elsewhere. The contrivance of some of them (particularly of Susanna) if not exceeds, equals at least, I may well say, that of the best wrought Romance I have ever seen. Not to speak of the several parts which are there exactly observed, I cannot think what is joyfullier surprising, than so clear and unexpected a Vindication (as is there related) of condemned Innocence : that can forceablier encourage us to embrace for a short while Reproach and Shame for the sake of Virtue, by representing thus to us the Providence of an All-seeing God, and his Care over us. But of these I may have occasion in some other Papers to speak more at large.

§ 10. *The Church of Rome by her Legends, her ridiculous Forgeries, (or rather) the im-*
position

position of them, has given her own Cause a greater Wound, than could the Weapons of her stoutest Adversaries. Certainly nothing can be more absurd, or an Imposture more bare-fac'd, than the imposing such apparent Falsities and Incredibilities, such whimsical idle Dreams of melancholy Devotes, for Truths: Nothing more amazing and less profitable, than to give for Patterns such miraculous unimitable Saints. So if in those Stories the Authors had contained themselves within the bounds of Probability, and had a little better penned them, declaring them to be feign'd Relations; I am apt to believe they might have been a means to bring Practical Christianity more into the Lives of men. More modest and of greater use are the * Ichneutes of the old Indians, the Apologues of Luchian, Æsop, Phædrus, and the moral Picture of Cebes the Pythagorean, with the Draughts and Emblems of Poets and Painters.

§ II. Ariosto (and after him our English Spencer) from whom his sort of Verse, which is the Stanza of eight, was called Romanzi, hath run into another extream, fill'd his Canto's with Monsters, Phantoms, and Chimerical Descriptions of things; which though never so good, are very unbecoming, and agree not with the Laws of Poetry. Both these ways, which would
take

* Printed at Rome
1666, after Pachymier
his Michael Paleologus.

take away the Imitableness of what I write, I shall studiously avoid. And for this reason I have laid the Scene thereof as near these Times as I can; that so it may be thought to belong the more unto them. Not but that I see it would be freer from Censure, were it not thus adapted to our present necessities: Should I have put it back as far as the first flourishing Age of the Church, it would have been thought not to concern these depraved Times: My Pilgrims in their antiquated Garbs, could not in so fashionable an Age as this have looked for any to imitate them, and their Piety would have appeared even more ridiculous and out-dated than their Dress.

§ 12. But I am confident none of the sober Sons of the Church of England will be angry with me for taxing the Immoralities of some of those who professed themselves to be of her Communion; and that the more modest Dissenters from her will not be at all displeased to be told into what Calamities Enthusiasm and the Pretensions to the holy Spirit hurried us. I have so great a Veneration for some of their Persons, that it would be the highest dissingenuity to misinterpret this as a Satyr upon them. For any one may see that even then when occasion most offers it self, I avoid that Bitterness which, were my designe but to please, would tickle a great many Readers. Therefore have I left out of the eleventh Chapter, the Consult and the Transactions

actions of the Church of *Bethaven*; that so nothing of that bitter Spirit which continually widens our Divisions, and which I so much dislike, should be charg'd upon me. For if Michael disputing against Satan, the chief of Angels against the chief of Devils, durst not bring against him a Railing Accusation; how much, good God, have we Christians and Brethren to answer for, who at so strange a rate revile and worry each other! Here I can no longer contain my Passion. Shall we, so nearly and holily related, incorporated into the same mystical Body Christ Jesus, tear one another and our selves, and ~~but~~ ^{with} the greatest Hostilities between Heaven and Hell?

§ 13. Having now tired you with a long Apparatus, let me only tell you, I have chose in these following Sheets to be loose and immethodical, without tying my self to any Rules of Order, but occasionally interspersing Meditation with Story, so to ease the minds of those who are not used to read Books of Piety: But even in those places where I seem to be most Poetical, and solely designing Delight, I endeavour to move some devout Passion, and do try whether I can stir up that the more easily, when the Springs are unseen. Now if I can hereby direct any one to find out Paradise, or perswade him to travel thither, into that purer and happier Climate, I have mine end.

To

To the READER.

PERhaps thou mayst be offended at the *Tenth Chapter* of this Book ; which I at first foresaw, and have taken care, by parting it into *Sections*, lest it should prove burthensome. If thou canst not relish such Raptures, I advise thee to read it by Parts, or else to omit it the first time, and pass over to the next. But I promise thee, if thou canst but raise thy self up to a fit pitch to utter it affectionately, thou shalt there perceive more Sweetness than in the whole Book besides.

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Timothy's

THE Situation

OF PARADISE

Found out.

The Introduction.

NOT long since, when the whole
Order of the Universe, by our
huge *masse* Crimes, began to be
inverted, and this noble *Fabrick*
of the Creation did by degrees
moulder into something worse than *nothing*:
When *relapsed* Humanity was beyond com-
pate both *vicious* and *miserable*: When the
Land of our Nativities lay waste and polluted;
and not any Climate but bred unwholsome

E

Alt!

Air : When we saw the *deadliest* Impieties and *foulest* Lusts stain *every*, and the most *sacred* place ; terrible Earthquakes *overturn* the Temples of our God ; the fair and lofty Trees *fall*, the best Fruits *blited*, the Fountains in *Israel* *dried* up, and every thing, through *sin*, decay apace, and make *haste to destruction* : When Pride, and Envy, and Prejudice *so byassed*, as they had within a little like to have *overthrown* the World ; and the great Mass we tread on groaned under the *heavy* pressures of Sacrilege, Rapine, Fraud, Perjury, Murther, and all the *weightiest* and most *intolerable* Evils : When herewith arose such a *Storm* in the North as made the poor afflicted Church of Christ *flee into the Wilderness* : When Truth and Peace were also *forced* to leave us, when they both had the *ungrateful* Earth *adieu*, and when all that was *just* or *holy* disappeared : When Happiness finally was *no-where* to be had, so long controverted until we had quite lost it ; the true *Site* of *P A R A D I S E* which every one did *pretend* to know, harder still than ever to be *found* ; There lived a *man* (if it be not rather a note of infamy for him to be called *man*, who could, and durst, in those times be) *Constant*, *Wise*, and *Pious* : who lacked not *Resolution* to attempt the *greatest* things, nor *Discretion* to chuse the *best* methods to further such his attempts ; and could direct himself a-
right

right through all the mazes and the chances of a variable and deceitful World: of unsullied Integrity and divine Knowledge, Angelical in his Life, and Primitive in his Faith: a reverend aged *Seer* wholly untainted with the corruptions of so degenerate an Age, whosth had you known, you would have said, with me, he was a person of as *gallant* a Spirit as ever lived, as far elevated *above* the rest of mankind as they were now *beneath* themselves degraded, and thought him able even to transform that viperous and depraved Race of Mortals: a person every way so qualified, as if he had been prepared on purpose by the divine Mercy for no meaner Enterprizes than the restitution of Beauty and Holiness to the polluted and tottering Machine of this lower World, and the transmutation of these very dregs of Time into the Golden Age of Innocence and Love.

Were it not for the strangest obstinacy of men imaginable, so *excellent* a Change as this could never have been long deferred; nor had the putting an end to the Disputes *about*, and guiding Travellers safely *into* an ever-delicious *PARADISE*, been looked upon as a sleeveless Errand in our great Heroe. Now as for the first, to effect this Change, methinks our endeavours and our wishes ought not to be *idle*. I desire to appeal to the breasts of all my Readers, whether they think any thing

can be in it self more *desirable*. I do not believe any one can tell what is more reasonable, or of a more ravishing nature than *this*; or (if we our selves please, and refuse not to give it the concurrence of our Will) more *possible* also, or accompanied with Difficulties more *conquerable*. Whereas it is no wonder if our Aversion can make things appear harder much than they are in themselves. We are *unwilling*, and therefore presently we complain it is not *easy* enough. Whilst we are *groveling* upon Earth, we hate to *look up* to the Regions of eternal Glory, our cœlestial *CANAAN*. Nay, though it is impossible to be happy *otherwise*, we refuse to be happy *so*. This is such a *folly*, and so *common* to most of us; (I am sorry I must say so, or give it such a name) as the few *sober* Pilgrims of this present Age think they can never enough *admire*, nor enough *lament*.

Hope I will, however, that this honest *Conductor* may *now* find better acceptance than he did from that *stiff* Generation; and that those who chance to turn over these Sheets will not be unkind, at once, both to *themselves* and *him*. But I hope herein they will prove themselves (what many are so ambitious to be thought) persons of *Ingenuity* and *Generosity*; that they will embrace him for their *Friend*, and be content for vast *unproportionable* Felicities,

ties, to part with a foolish *unbenefitting* Habit, which may be shaken off, though it stick never so close. If but some bold Spirits among the witty Ralliers of the Age should begin this, and study to expose *Profaneness* to ridicule and contempt, and to drive it out by *laughing*, as they brought it *in*; it might be expected that Vice in a *while* would become as dishonourable as Vertue is *now*, and this latter obtain the upper hand among all the men of *sense*. Hereby would they gain *credit* to themselves, and much more than by going in the *common* track. So might this so *blessed* an alteration be effected, all things prepared for our transmigration hence; and so might (which is the design of the following History) this excellent person in after-Ages bear the honourable title of Leader of many Families and Tribes unto the *HOLT LAND*, the glorious place of everlasting Love and Happiness.

I shall not trace him thorough the several Stages of his Life, but begin his Story then when the aforesaid *Storm* arising in the North, during the late unhappy Commotions and subversion of Christian Piety, he was deserted by every one, worried up and down, pillag'd, turn'd out of all that little which he held but by the (then weak) tenure of *Divine Right*, maliciously defamed and blackened in his Name, brought even into publick Courts, his

best deeds misinterpreted, and his very Piety (most of all) slandered; his Friends or Followers either *seduced* or *forced* from him; hated even by those to whom he would have done the greatest good, universally slighted, ungratefully, barbarously treated by his dissenting Neighbours, and so brought at length to the most extremities of *Indigence* and *Misery*.

CHAP. I.

The Retirement.

MAny years had this Reverend Sire seen pass over his head, all which were spent in the exercises of his duty; and sanctified by the severities of a strict Piety and an holy Religion; many brave heroick Atchievements he had performed; nothing he left undone to bring back the dissolute Worldlings from out the ways of sin and error, of blindness and an undiscerned death; he had gallantry of Soul enough to stand in the *Gap* against all opposition, and boldly to resist the deviation in the Multitude; and he strove as much as *in him lay*, to reduce the Church, under which he lived, into its *primitive Order and Purity*.

Now

Now finding all his pains and methods *successless*, himself lying under an heavy *Interdict* of the usurping *Senate*; and ready to be banisht the Island *Albina*, he resolves to withdraw a little, and hide himself in the close retreats of a *Country-Shade*; there to try in the last place whether or no the rustick *Boors* and *Shepherds* had forgot their honest simplicity, shaken off their old *rural* Innocence and Plainness.

Several leagues had he left behind the Royal City *Megalopolis*, and having passed above a days journey through nought but desolate and waste grounds, he came at last into a most delicious Plain, or Grove, or Garden, call it which you please, overlooked by the tops of the Hills, and shaded by the pretty wild disorder of the Trees; which made it appear the Seat of pleasant Solitariness and delightful Melancholy. A very rich lovely *Champagn* it was, bestrew'd with the green and *flowry* Tap'stry of the Spring, and set off by the careful hand of Providence with all the delicacies that Nature ever afforded; most curiously enamelled with inartificial Beds of *Violets* and *Heliotropes*, interspersed with the *Anemony*, the *Hyacinth*, and the *Primrose*. And by the four Arms of a small Riv'let, it was parted into as many pretty Isles. But that which commended it above all was, that it appeared not to be frequented or trodden by any men; wherefore he was

E 4

glad

glad to find himself at last a resting place, in which he thought to spend the poor remainder of his days. And designed (as
 * Gen. 21. 33, did heretofore the * first Father of Religious Pilgrims) to consecrate this *Grove* into a *Temple*, and turn every *Tree* into an *Oratory*, using the Boughs for *Hosanna's* to the Son of *David*, and *Directions* of the way to those that follow after.

Here the pensive and melancholy Hermit delighted to walk ; and still at every step he made some progress towards a better and a more lasting Scene of Pleasures. Every thing he saw, added fuel to the pious ardours of his Soul, caused him to long for the Mansions of Eternity ; that Spiritual *Eden* which he beheld faintly, as it were, reflected upon this spot of Land : *Sometimes* would he listen to the Musick of the little chanting Birds, those vocal Choristers of the Air, and with them joyn concert in a sprightly Carol to the King of Heaven : And *sometimes* again the bleating innocent *Animals* that were grazing upon the neighbouring Hills, made him pity his own disconsolate and scattered *Flock* (committed to him indeed by the good Shepherd of Men, but) rapaciously stolen from him some while since by Thieves in a *Pastoral* disguise. Now casting his eyes Heavenward, (as if his *divinely*
ravished

The Contemplative Life.

ravished Soul had eager longings to break her
 fleshie *Gaal*, and take flight thitherwards to
 that her Native Country, those pure unsullied
 Regions of Tranquillity and *Joy*;) he stood
long contemplating on the admirable Beauty,
 the wonderful unconceivable Architecture of
 the *Ætherial* Orbs, the dazzling light and
 splendor of the Sun; till wearied with too
 much intention, at last he lookt down, and at
 his feet he saw the Sun and whatsoever else in
 the Heavens he had with pleasure observed, to
 reflect their Images and *glafs* themselves in
 those little beautiful Canals of running-wa-
 ter. So now he had two Worlds, and two
 Suns to contemplate; the one *real*, the other
reflected: Which made him with sorrow think
 of those poor Souls who care not to look *up* so
 high as the Paradise in the highest Heavens,
 where are the onely *real* and *permanent* Man-
 sions of Felicity; but *downward* upon one that
 is no other but *reflected* and *imaginary*: Which
 whilst they strive to obtain, they do but grasp
 the very appearance of a watry *Shadow*, and
 thereby foolishly drown and destroy them-
 selves; meeting with, instead of Happiness, a
 dismal Disappointment, cold unexpected Death.
 But quite otherwise, these shadowy Represen-
 tations made him the better fix his mind upon
 Realities: these scanty Streams, shallow Cry-
 stal Currents, could send him to the Waters
 above

above the Firmament, the Rivers of Delight which are at Gods right hand. So that, by contemplation *on* and foretaste of those Joys above, he almost thinks himself already here *imparadised*; which Solitude would the rather perswade him to think no mistake: Here *Piscon* and *Hiddekel*, *Gibon* and *Phrath*, were before his eyes. Nay, every *Plant*, every spire of *Grass*, the most neglected *Flower*, the most ordinary *Herb*, the smallest *Insect*, had all some kind of *Image* of a *Deity* *enstamped* on them. There was somewhat of Paradise he fancied in whatever he saw; and well might that place be counted Paradise, which could boast of the truly vertuous *THEOSOPHUS*, (so was he called.) In this manner viewing a pleasant Vale, which another might perhaps have looked upon barely to feed his eye, or recreate his sense, he drew thence a *Map* of the *Celestial Temple*. Whereof he was thus already possesst in *imagination* and *picture*.

Now it happened as he was thus meditating with himself, he lighted unawares into a Path. He strait knew himself mistaken concerning the loneliness of the place; which he was soon further convinced of by reading several small *Histories* of Christian Palmers and religious *Conferences*, cut in the rindes of the Trees, with the names of *EUBULUS* and *ORTHODOXUS* underwritten; many Hymns and

Verles

Verſes compoſed in praiſe of Virtue, Raptures of a pure Cœleſtial Love, and paſſionate Burnings of an Heavenly Muſe ſighing after the Joys of PARADISE; under all which was ſubſcribed *VRANIUS*.

Hence the Pious Father over-joyful, preſently knew that it muſt needs be the Retreat of theſe his Friendly Coadjutors; and big with hopes, expected to find them here. And ſo he did: For not long had he ſought them, before he heard the hacking of Axes hewing down the Trees all round about, and obſerved the narrow Rivulets to begin to be tainted unnaturally with a bloody colour; when not far off he could deſcry his three deareſt Friends, with their hands bound, hurried away Priſoners, followed with ſhouts and reviling acclamations; with loud outcries of Hereſie againſt the moſt moderate and learned *ORTHODOXUS*; againſt *EVBVLUS* of diſtaſtful and pernicious Advice; and impure and doggril Rhymes they, as maliciously, laid to divine *VRANIUS* his charge.

One would have thought, that to have ones greateſt and fierceſt hopes thus on a ſudden diſappointed, had been enough to caſt a ſad damp over the moſt courageous Spirit that ever was. But all this could not in the leaſt diſtemper the Spirit of the ſtout and the wiſe *THEOSOPHUS*, who (that he might hereby

hereby teach us that the greatest *evils* and most surprizing *accidents*, do much rather require the succours of *Reason*, than the violence of a disorderly *Passion*; nor ought therefore to discompose the evenness and tranquillity of our minds;) not suffering himself to be moved, in imitation of his blessed Master, onely smote upon his breast, saying these few words, *Not ours, but thy Will, O LORD, be done.* Fearing not in the least but Heaven would take care of such vertuous Souls as these, and at last set them free by a merciful *Deliverance*, or a glorious and happy *Martyrdom*.

It chanced that he was not seen, or not regarded, by any of those cruel men: for he being but newly come hither, they who had deprived him of his Friends had not received yet the news of his removal from the City, and therefore made not here any search after him, (whom they would have much rather taken) but in the hurry they were in, let him escape to an adjacent Hill. The top whereof, which (like a *rich man*) proudly overlooks the under-hillocks and lower grounds, having with much trouble gained, he had before his eyes, by the help of a certain *Telescope* (which is the free unprejudiced Operation of *Right Reason*) to render the Objects more *visible* and *distinct*, and take off the false rays which the vapours of Humour or Passion raise to obscure

obscure and set off the greatest deformities as fair; this sad Representation of the Worlds Miseries.

CHAP. II.

The Prospect of the World.

THE Country underneath he saw waste and untill'd, oppress'd with heavy loads of Guilt and Misery; the Isles of the North tempestuously wafted on the *Seas*, e'en ready to be swallowed up with a dreadful Inundation of Woes: that little seeming *Paradise* also of the Earth which but just before he had chosen out for its delightful lonesomeness, and in his thoughts made the lovely retiring place of religious Melancholy, now converted into an *Akeldama* of Bloud. Whence casting a look a little way off, he could not but pity the poor Cottagers, the la-
Slavery.
bouring Peasants that were toying to fill yonder rich mans Barns, and they themselves like to perish and die for scarcity; nor yet so much enslaved to their *Lords*, as to their *Lusts*; at once *wretched*, and *wicked*; so much the more to be pitied, as they deserved *less*. Round about the skirts of the Mount sat a People distracted

stracted with Jealousies and Fears, preparing Bonds wherewith to bind themselves fast, and *pulling down* on their heads those evils which they *dreaded* most, taking *care* to be miserable, by their *own* means alone enthralled, cruelly tyrannized over (and that which renders it still most of all insufferable) by men of mean estate, puny upstart *Levites*. They kissed their very Shackles, embraced even Gibbets and Racks, and mattered not ought the being made a Prey to the griping Avarice of Religious Free-booters.

The whole Earth appears unto him *blasted* with a Curse, *empoysoned* with the Devastations. Venom of the Serpent, *overgrown* with hurtful Weeds, with bad Manners and evil Dispositions. Whithersoever he looked, he saw the Lands foraged and ransacked, defiled with Bloud, nought but a *frightful* Landscap of Desolation and Ruine, a *Golgotha* of dead mens Skulls. A destroying Pestilence took its range through the Territories of (profest) Christians, which carried all before it; and scarce one cared to avoid the Infection. The Fields were torn and rifled of their Beauty, the Air clamorously ringing with Murders and Tumults, the loud roaring of Cannons, the doleful shrieks of departing Ghosts still pierced his ears.

Here were two Princes fighting for a little spot

spot of Ground; and there an ambitious Monarch devoting no less ^{Ambition.} than thirty or forty thousand lives to the satisfying one single Lust. Here a proud Conqueror reeking in Sweat and Wounds, exchangeth his *Laurel* for a Wreath of *Cypress*, descends down into the *Pit* to converse with *those* he had afore sent thither; and he whose desires but some short while ago could not be confined within the *borders* of a Kingdom, is now sufficed with a *few feet* to cover a vile putrified Carcass. These were they who could alter Empires, do what they pleased, and turn the World topsie-turvie. But they who erewhile thought themselves unconquerable, now are crushed into the Grave, and thrown aside by their Friends and their Adorers, into the place of Forgetfulness; there to impart their Conquests with the Worms: they go from the Palaces of the Sun and of the Day, of Mirth and Light; into the black dismal Chambers of Death, to inhabit with Toads and Serpents, Stench and Corruption, leave behind all their joys and their good things for them that come after, and turn from the spoils of their Enemies to be preyed on by every as despicable and proud a *Worm*, or as foul an *Insect* as themselves. This did he see; and wept for them: he saw havoc by such hot-spirited men as these universally made, and waited therefore till he saw their unhappy falls.

But

But these were not a near so formidable
 Religions. Monsters, or so destructive, as the
 Makers and the Disturbers, Hell-in-
 spired Founders and Innovators of Religion.
 Now he came to have the greatest need of his
 Telescope to discern these, the Exhalations be-
 ing so very thick. Through which he could
 see the broad Road to Perdition thronged by
 full Caravans of silly men decoy'd in by the
 over-hot Zeal or officious Cheats of either
 blind or malicious Guides. Unto his sad confu-
 sion there appears a third part of the
 World lamentably deceived by an Impostor, a
 vile Epileptick person, bewitched to the most
 ridiculous absurdities that ever Imagination
 could invent, or the blackest Melancholy give
 credit to: Another third part, and more, un-
 der Idolatry, walking in thick darkness and
 the shadow of Death, the Worshipers of the
 cruel King of Darkness: And that which of it
 remains, not of one Religion; but divided into
 above a thousand different Sects; besides a Va-
 gabond Nation retaining their antiquated
 Rites, hated by all because they had most bar-
 barously murdered their Prince, the great
 Messiah; and those also who professed to be, and
 those who lived, as if they were not of any
 Where could he cast his eye? if upon the
 Country, that alas was vitiated
 with sordidness and narrowness

of mind, base and mean Vices : if upon the *Cities*, they too with fraudulent dealing and deceit in Wares, with pride and discontent : the *Court* with ambition and faithfulness, cogging Parasites and false Friends : the *Bench* with injustice and wrong, bribery and subornation : private *Families* with dissimulation and eyeservice, strife, worldliness, and grudgings ; either an *Epicure*, or a Churl, or an effeminate wanton, the Master thereof : publick *Societies* with Self-interest and Fraud : the *Schools* with contention : *Houses* of Prayer made Dens of Thieves, converted into Stables, and polluted with all manner of profaneness and extemporary extravagancies.

These Territories were wasted by foreign Incursions ; the *other* by distractions at home, and intestine Wars (far more) miserably depopulated : Tyranny lorded it in *this* place, Confusion in *that* : And so Desolation and Sin not content with *one*, took their range thorough *every* Quarter.

Nor was the Land onely, but the very Sea enriched with the Wrecks and the Spoils of wretched Mortals. There was a Ship split against a Rock, another struck on a Quick-sand or a *Syrtis*, and a third sunk in the very Haven. There might he see the Hull of a rich *Carrack* broken by the violence of a Tempest ; and there a Merchantman carelessly coasting, whilst the Winds whi-

stle sweetly upon its Sails, and the curled Waves seem to sport with the Vessel, overtaken by another which boards it, kills the men; or if so cruelly merciful as to spare them, 'tis perhaps for a more insupportable slavery: either to tug at the Oar, or labour in the Mine. Next moved huge floating Islands built onely for destruction: for as if the Sea, the Storms, and fury of meeting Winds, Hurricanes, Travadoes, Swallows, Whirlpools, Rocks, Quick-sands, Banks, Washes, Oaz, Leaks, and all Mischances, with Pyrates both *Mabometan* and *Christian*, were not enough, bloody Battles must be fought even there, lives perish which the *guiltless* Element consents not unto, and all sorts of death made to combine with mans wickedness, *fire* it self to rage upon the *Waters*; for no other end, but that more Bloud may be so shed than the very Ocean can purge away. Yet notwithstanding all this,

he could descry whole Fleets
Indian Navigation. farther off, contemning such-like dangers as these, and seeking the utmost corners of the Earth, to lade themselves with

clods of * *thick Clay*, a little yellowish and a little whitish Earth, (silver or gold) *sun-burnt* in the bowels of the Eastern Mountains, and dried up into the hardness of a *metallick* substance; so much baser than common Mould, as it hath more of *Care* and more of *Vice* in it.

* Hab.c.2.v.6.

He

He saw that which was but just now a *Disease* in the Shell-fish, made a *Pearl* in this Ladies Ear : and Stones that sparkle like a Glow-worm, or a piece of rotten Wood, rated at the Mortgage of a whole Manor. He saw stately Palaces and rich Villa's built by that great man, empty, uninhabited by any ; where-
of *he* was not so much Possessor (thought the good Contemplator) as the *Rats* and *Mice* were. Another there was who buried his Soul with his Treasure, as if he meant to descend alive into Hell : the gripling Usurer and the cold decrepit Hoarder, dug their way down thither apace. But another wiser, he thinks, than his cramp-finger'd and slovenly Father, now gone to receive his doom, just come of age, throweth away his Inheritance upon Taverns, and the houses of Impiety and Looseness ; and by and by is poor and old, forsaken, despised, thrust out from his Company, pitied by none, but forced to beg a crust of Bread at that mans door, and is denied. This Son beds his Fathers Concubine, and that new Mother-in-law playing with the *Babies* in her Son's Eyes, teacheth him to *sin* ; who first begins to love her as a Mother, and then to court her as a Mistress. A lustful Rival stabbed by his Fellow, lay wel-

Pearls.

Vanity in Building.

The Covetous.

The Spendthrift.

Lust.

tring in his fresh-spilt gore, but the Murtherer dropped down soon after at his feet. And such was the unlucky end of both those mad men. There might he see a Cloyster'd Frier making his forbidden loves to a *Veiled Sister*, or else more filthily waited on by his Boy *Hylus*. In that stately *Serail* he discerned a Prince lockt up in the arms of his *Olympia*, who privily stealing away his Heart, flung it into the fire, which so much the rather still doted on her; until at last having long enough played with her Princely Lover, and fooled him out of both his Sense and Empire, she delivers him up bound unto his Enemy. Then lookt he down

upon those *Draughts* of sin, the
 Brothel-houses. impure Sheds of the *Summenium*,
 where he could espy *Shione*, and *Helis*, and
Lesbia, shamelesly plying the next unhappy
 Comers, selling their Bodies for a small piece
 of Coyn, and delighting to entrap the unex-
 perient'd freshness of a raw puny sinner. But
 hence proceeded so noysome a *Stench* infecting
 round the Air, enough to stifle any not used
 to such filthy places, that forced *him* strait to
 turn away his gluttet eyes from these loath-
 some and hellish receptacles of *Devils*, the pe-
 stilential stinking Jakes of *Lust*. By which

means he had the beastly
 The Drunken Club. sight of a drunken revelling
 Match, and the rude Disorders before him of

a swearing, healthing, damning Club; which some hours after broke up in Quarrels, Fightings, and Murthers.

Some also were touring themselves over a Love-Sonnet, with which they intended to present their Mistresses,

Love-Poetry.

and presently meet with Death in those Embraces which they so much courted; rottenness and poyson in the Lap of a sweet Enchantress. Some vile degenerate Souls plumed

themselves over the noble deeds of their fam'd Progenitors. An odde

Nobility.

kind of Confession, that in *themselves* they could find no worth: they laid claim to the good actions of their Ancestors, as if they were (like their Estate) theirs by *Inheritance*.

Others would venture all they had,

Fame.

yea, their very Lives, for a little *Air*, the breath of the People; which having sucked down, they swell big and *burst* asunder. Some

too were seen to pride themselves in

Silks.

that they were cloathed with the Excrements of a Worm; and thought themselves very fine, and despised all that were not clad so finely as themselves. There one, forsooth,

very cunning and shie in whatsoever he did, having sent away a

Secret Sins.

Friend or a Servant from him, that he might with greater retiredness act those sins he was ashamed of, thought also with bars and doors

to shut out the Omnipresence of the All-seeing God : but as he guessed himself most unobserved, behind him stood a dreadfully *grinning* Devil, taking notes thereof in a *Book*, which he kept to produce against him at the last great Terrible Day.

Blindness and
Error.

Then next he observed, by moving the Telescope before his eyes a little back to seek out again where he had beheld the Scene of Religious Madness, several Companies of unlucky Passengers travelling by, mis-led out of the way, bewilder'd by *ignes fatui*, by false Lights, and treacherous Leaders : And amongst them he could not but sadly lament the froward and unweildy Zeal of his own Country-men, set on fire by the dishonesty and imposture of their Guides. Some he saw with their bloudy fingers tearing out their own Eyes, crushing the little lightsome Balls into a cruel disorder, that they might not behold those evils which their fanciful imagination prompted them to fear ; so strongly imaginative, as *thereby* alone to call down those Plagues, which nothing *else* could ever have done. These were they who, unchristian-like, racked themselves with future Contingencies ; but others again were so stupid, so unperceiving, as not to be moved at the dreadfullest Calamities that befall a sinning Nation. And these not concerned

cerned at any thing, fate themselves down upon the next green Turf, to be merry with their Friends ; and then folded up their arms in sleep, letting whole days and years pass without taking notice. Some out of their profound prudence, made themselves blind, purposely that they might avoid those Precipices they were in danger of ; and thought they should see better with *another's* Eyes, than with their *own* they could before ; and that the way to *show* the Blocks of stumbling which were lain so thick in the Road, was to be incapable of seeing them : Others did the same, that they might the more *securely* erre, and through an *affected* ignorance of their duty, plead *not guilty* to its omission ; just as if a Malefactor should think to save his Neck, in refusing to learn what the *Law* makes death. But what was yet more sadly amazing to our good Contemplator , others who could *see*, would nevertheless go along for company with the *blind* ; and though they knew well enough whither they were all travelling, yet would not return back again, or leave the Wrong for the Right way. The folly of *these* was miserable ; but more miserable was (if Comparison can express) the folly of *those* who used the most approved Collyries, the choicest Ocular Medicines, to quicken and better the sight, to drive the Film from their Eyes :

and preserve them against the Dust that was raised by Travellers, read *Controversies* on all sides, enquired diligently after the *Truth*, and busied themselves in learning out the *true* way ; and all this for no other end, than that they might decline *it*, persecute the *Truth*, defend their *own* side, and *see* the better to pull out the *Eyes* of their Friends.

Such absurd *unmanlike* Vices as these, such Unreasonableness and *mean* Descents, Brutishness and Folly, did *he* everywhere observe.

Brutishness
of Vice.

Men in every place *he* saw (and that more than in *Fable*) metamorphosed into *Beasts*, having discarded and changed their very *Selves*, their own *Natures*; put off all Humanity and Reason ; and foolishly *degraded* themselves (O piteous Sight !) as low, or lower, than the very state of *Brute* Animals ; the Covetous, of a *Mole* ; and the Lascivious, of a *Goat* : Here *Gryllus* grunteth charmed into a *Swine*, whom the Eloquence and Perswasion of an *Ulysses* is not able to make reassume his old Shape, and be a *Man* ; the Night-walker into an *Owl* ; nay, some transformed into *Stocks* and *Stones* ; some into ugly loathsome *Toads*, poysonous Creatures ; the Outragious, into *mad Dogs* ; Parasites, into *Flies* ; ingrateful Children, into a brood of *Wipers* ; busie soul-mouth'd Praters, into croaking *Frogs* : many also that spent their whole

whole lives in weaving the Spiders *Web*; and not a few *Asses*, who covered with *Lions Skins*, would strut and look terrible, and roar to frighten all those that were about them; by which they most ridiculously detected themselves, and were hooted at by those into whom they meant to strike terror; some that could very dexterously mimick it with the *Ape*; and others that knew how to shed the tears of the *Crocodile*: dissembling *Panthers*; subtil *Foxes*; devouring *Wolves*; venemous and malicious *Serpents*; griping and bloud-sucking *Harpyes*.

Amongst which last was a merciless Extortioner, who drank the Widows and the Orphans *Tears*; whom the furies of his own Conscience

The miserable Effects.

dragged to Execution: hated he lived, and unlamented he died of all. Nor was it less terrible that followed next. Cares and sleepless Nights, tormented with continual *Lashings* a Nusling Hide-bound Miser: *boyled* in a Cauldron was the angry man by *Rage*, the cruellest Fury of Hell; and the Ambitious torn upon the *Rack* of their own restless *Desires*. Some had their hands bound behind

with *silken Cords*, and rolled on a Bed of *Roses*; till at last they were dropt in a Plat of *Nettles*, and seen no more.

The Deceits.

Unto a great many, *Poyson* was reached out in a *golden Cup*; and this alone being enough to recom-

recommend it, it was accepted: Bonds of that Metal were even counted honourable, were willingly and greedily received: and *deadly Pills*, but *gilded o'er*, sweetly *slipped* down the voluptuous Throat. Drinking excellent *Wines*, they drunk off at the bottom lethiferous *dregs*; they mistook *Ratsbane* for *Sugar*; and in their sweetest *Honey*, *Death*, which they never thought on, was hid. These were the Deceits of the World; which his Eye perhaps, if *unarmed*, had never been able to discern. For as the Joys of Heaven, by reason of their distance, are *disregarded*, and the *Disc* of the Sun, because it is far removed, appears to us but very *narrow*; yet neither they, nor this, are therefore to be counted so *small*, or so *inconsiderable*, as the Eye shews them: So it would be the same madness, considering the vast disproportion and unlikeness betwixt the *appearance* of the things of the *World* and the *things* themselves, to judge of the *latter* by the *first*, without a strict and impartial research of the Mind. Nor is it to be wondered at during our tarriance here, if *luminous* Bodies, the Lights and the Joys Cœlestial, the best, the fairest, and the most glorious Objects are *lessened*, whilst even *Shadows*, the sorrowfullest, the meanest, and the deceitfullest, are *lengthened*. Wherefore *Theosophus* thought it not safe to believe things to be as they *outwardly* appeared,

peared, before he had looked through that *un-
deceiving* Glas he had ; which dispersed all
prejudices and *vapours*, to represent them as
they were in *themselves*. Whereby he could
descry all the errors and the fallacies, the paint
and false glory, the sad disappointments and
real deformities of the *deceiving* World. He
could perceive fond *Hopes* betray this man,
ignorant and uncertain *Confidence* another, a
listless *Will* and an unruly *Appetite* a third.

He had taken notice of all these and many
more, when the *Shadows* who had waited this
while very thick without, broke

Cheats in Reli-
gion.

in, to play with and delude sense-
less Mortals. And foremost of
them entered a troop of *Pious* Frauds, that in
a moment scattered themselves all over the
World. Ignorance, misguided Zeal, morose
Demeanour, Singularity---, under the false
Veils of *Virtue*, came next upon the Stage,
and played their antick Tricks; by which they
discovered themselves not to be any of *her* At-
tendants; and so went off, shewing their ill-
favoured haggard Faces.

But first they *let in* against Man (just then
as he was going to put an end to
his *Observations*) an *Army* of Fu-
ries, led by their *Chieftan* FOLLY,

The Band of
Vices.

the great *Diana* of this World, and Mistriß in
humane Actions. Who is a Goddess univer-
sally

fally worshipped and *sacrificed* unto, yet not *acknowledged* by the veriest Idiots. She *hid* her Face with a Visor, as not willing to be *known*. Under her Banner passed even *Wit*, (at least that which bears the name of *Wit*) and had deserved so *well* for maintaining a *bad* Cause, for keeping the *Standart* against all the Forces and the Powers of *Reason*, as to be made the *Ensigne bearer*, and to be followed by Vices of a *nobler* kind: those who would be counted *men* of *Parts*, went and fell down before her Idolship. To whom she gave that to drink which *blister'd* their *Tongues*, and made their *Brains* run round ever after.

In the Van marched those Sins that more immediately *strike* against, or any way *disbourn* the Majesty of Heaven; the prodigiously *sottish* Wickednesses, and *deform'd* Superfutations of the *shallowest* Pates, which aim to *af-front* him who is *Omnipotent*; viz. loud Blasphemies, *blind* Atheism, *all* the *Madnesses* of a *false* Worship, *all* the kinds of *wild* Enthusiasm, *rash* Disputes, *groundless* Maintenances of received Opinions, Disloyalty in *Religion*, a *restless* Impatience under Providence, the *Strange* Dreams of Prophetick Spirits, *blear-ey'd* Fascination, *hellish* Magick, *accursed* Simony---: Fury and Fanaticism on *this* hand, and a cold indifferency on *that*: Nor was there ever the *less* Superstition, notwithstanding so *much* Profaneness;

faneness: Incredulity and Scepticism on *this* side, and too much easiness of Belief on the *other*.

Now looking over S. Paul's *Ca- * Gal. 5. 19, talogue, he sees these *armed Furies* 20, 21. in several Companies troop out against their poor silly Enemy, and in the *Head* of *four* thereof, those he sought after; 1. Adultery, Fornication, † unnatural Lust, † *Ἀρσεναρία*. [Sodomy] Softness; uglily spotted with little deadly *specks*, and having on besides but very *unclean* and *filthy* Garments, in which they carried the Materials of a strange *Fire*, and Drugs of *Poyson*. 2. Idolatry, Witchcraft; both as *black* as Hell. 3. Hatred, Variance, Emulations, Wrath, † *Ἐχθρὰ*. Stubbornness, Schisms, Heresies, Envyings, Murthers; with distorted Limbs, and ugly frightening Faces, moving *unequally* and *contrary* to each other. 4. Drunkenness, * Revellings (or Serenades;) * *Κῆποι* Nocturnal amations. *staggering* and *dancing* in unhand- some measures. The first and the last of these were the *merriest*; the second were the *saddest*; the third were the *savagest*, who were therefore all dawbed over with Bloud. Every of whom (except perhaps the second) was well *armed* with Opportunities and Temptations. But none Treachery against one self.

do

do any hurt, before the Forts of *Reason* were dismantled or betrayed by Inconsideration, Obstinacy, Disobedience, Procrastination, Trifling, Rashness—; and then the unhappy men were presently took, their Souls blinded, and their Eyes plucked out with burning Pincers. Next, Lyes sneakingly came upon them, u-

* Gen. 27. 22.

† Josh. 9. 6.

sing the * *Voice of Jacob*, the *Dialect* of † *Gibeonites*; but clothed by Simulation in the Habit of Truth, and varnished over with the deceitful Glosses of Plausibility: Hyperboles ranted on *one* side of them, Detraction and a mincing Speech on the *other* side gingerly trod; followed by Sycophantry and smooth Glavering Words, by Perjuries, Equivocations, Mental Reserves, and by a numberless train of Errors: Then Piques and Prejudices, sinister Suspicions and calumniating Arts; sent to embitter the best Sweets, and misrepresent the fairest Actions. After which hobbled as fast as they could to get the Prey, Virulence, Malignity, and Spight, wounded even before the Battle began.

At one end of the Camp were Querulousness and Grudgings, an impatient Inconstancy, evil Censures, and snappish Manners, all together in an Uproar. But none were a near so troublesome as were Impertinence and Importunity, who buzzed up and down in every corner.

Now

Now in the Army two there were of greatest Quality and Command ;

Inducement to Vice.

though the one was but a *Stale*, and the other a *Scare-crow*. She who was for the *Stale*, was a Fury of a fair face and a brisk humour, (who usurp'd the name of *Pleasure*) set off with Paint and gaudy Trappings, lovely, and complaisant, and sportive ; who allured whole Drove after her, whom she wantonly received and spoke fair to, whilst she crush'd them to death in her Embraces, and trampled on them with her Claws. But while she was *enticing* them, another more ugly Fury, of a nature quite contrary, (who was named *Fear*) with false Difficulties, and the light uneasinesses thereof, *frightned* them from their Duty ; and was therefore highly honoured by the great Empress of this World, for that she had so scared away *Fools* from their Happiness, and made it *unsafe* (or at least so *seeming*) for any to be now any longer upright or honest.

Determent from Virtue.

The Armies covered the Land like Locusts, and with their Multitudes made a Night wherein none of the Lights

The Victory.

of *Heaven*, or of *Paradise*, were seen : the Poms of the *World*, the Lusts of the *Flesh*, the Lusts of the *Eye*, all standing in stately Array, were prepared for the Battel, but with the bare

bare *Ceremony* of a Skirmish they won the day, and gathered up the spoils. Hindmost of these waddled fat Sensuality, an hoggish nature and Epicurism, Gluttony and Gormandizing, Intemperance in Meats, Drinks, Sleep, Apparel, Recreation,-----; accompanied with Surfeits, Cramps, Gouts, Catarrhs, and a whole Spittle of Maladies. They made their continual Encroachments; held all together to overthrow humane kind: Sins there were of

Division of the
Conquests.

all sorts, sizes, and humours, which distributed themselves up and down to destroy and ravage every Quarter. There were Sins of Youth allotted, and others deputed to catch those of riper age; but that now and then youthful pleasure and a shrivell'd face went together, and childish dotage made the old man laughed at. Oppression, Extortion, Sacrilege, and Rapine, went over to the more powerful: False Surmising, Jealousie, Unfaithfulness, chose to dwell with Friends; Deceit with Tradesmen; and unpunisht Murther in Meats and Drinks, at rich Tables and large Cellars, in the Shops both of Luxury and Medicine: The *Viper* was bad to lurk within the *bed* of the Harlot, and the Fox to send his *fur* to line the Statesmans Gown: The *muddy* Souls of some were pleased best with filthy and obscene Delights; the *shrewd* Brains of others best tickled

tickled with their Neighbours evils: Sloth and Retchlessness, dreaming Fancies---agreed well with the temper of the *Phlegmatick*: revengeful Sullenness and peevish Anger were as easily entertained by the *Cholerick* person: but the Sediment of *black Choler* was claimed by Devils of another size, more ug'ly and hated than the former; of which they made a Bath therein to wash their cloven feet, and fashion strange uncouth Idæa's of things; wherewith heresie in *divers* forms knew how to *minge*, and so employ her whole skill against the *miserable* Possessed. These were fierce and cruel; whilst *seemingly* more pleasant were those, which *mixed* themselves with the blood of a soft sanguine constitution. Yet even the little *God* of *Love* appeared to the im-

Cupid:

partial view of this *sad* Spectator, the most terrible and *bloud-thirsty* Monster amid them all, and of a more sportive cruelty than any of the most mischievous besides; having his Arrows dipped in the blood of his Worshippers, and frolicksomly playing with Torches lighted at the fire of Hell. Dull insipid Vices would creep into an heartless and a brainless Sot; while those of another appearance (though indeed no less at all *ridiculous*, besides much more *dangerous*) would be always aspiring to be in the company of the more ingenious; till they had pillaged and left naked

both the one and the other. Not a few shared the *Barren*, and many more the *Fertile Soil*: Some took up their Quarters in the *well*, and others in the *ill-timber'd* Body: Some would lay in those Heads that were *soft*, and others in those that were *hard*: Some liked to dwell in a *thick*, but others liked a *thin* Scull better: Many set upon the *glib* Tongue, and a few upon the *tyed*: There were those that were sent to plunder the *Sick*, and those the *Healthy*: There were those that would live upon the *Rich*, and others upon the *Poor*; upon the *great* men, and the *small*; in *much* Blood, or *little*; in an *hot*, or *cold* Constitution. Thus was not any secured from their destroying Talons; nor (what is *most* wonderful) any made Resistance, but let them possess as *quietly* as they had conquer'd. Now Pride, Self-conceit, an over-weening Opinion—not contented to take a *share*, made *every* body their slave; had learnt even how to insinuate into a Saint, and could easily captivate those who could the least brook a submission. With whom *pert* Impudence came *flurting* in, *uninvited*. But Negligence lay *sprawling* on the ground, *bedirtied* and *bemired*; not striving (like the rest) after any Prey, but pitied therefore and entertained by stupid unactive Souls, who were soon undone by the foul ungrateful Traytor, and robb'd of all they enjoy'd. Af-

ter which Craft came wrigling in, with demure Hypocrisie and armed Injury that passed for Justice ; three such ravenous Furies as did devour as much as all the bellies of the rest, and to get more booty, plunder'd their very Army. The Mutinous and the Quarrellsome, the Vain and the Fickle, the Buffoon, the Apish, and the Licentious, the Adulterer and Incestuous, the Blasphemer and the Apostate, the Parricide and the Assassin, the Felon and the Impostor, the Ungrateful and the Perfidious, the Inhumane, the Uncharitable, and the Simoniack, the open Rebel and the close Conspirator ; were all coaks'd into the World's *strongest* Net, and had the mark of the Beast burnt upon their foreheads more than ordinarily visible. Thus being *sealed* by their beloved Conquerors, after a little while of sport and play, they were pinched and griped, and their brains knocked out one against another, and then sent for a Present to the other World. For they would allow some of them time to frolick in, before they shew'd them the Axes and the Halters: knew how (after the *Persian* mode) to dress up a Mock-Prince to be played with, and with such formalities barbarously to sport at those whom they had sentenced tardy. These Tyrants forced some to rejoyce, as they forced others to mourn ; but those that rejoyced came at last to mourn most : they

killed these with singing and roaring; they destroyed others with fretting and pulling: they lowred upon some, but smiled upon others, as they were sticking them into the heart: they seared some Consciences hard, but burned others sore and tender; those were not afraid to act any thing *unlawful*, while these on the other side were afraid to act what was *lawful*. Thus they hamper'd both the Insensible and the Uneasie. Some of their Captives foamed at mouth, as if they were all in a ferment; others sparkled, as if they were on fire; and others looked black and ghastly as any Carrion. Indignation, Disdain, Despite, Scorn, Envy, Revenge, Outrage, Repinings, with a number of such-like Affections, disfigured the faces of a great many: this mans heart was canker'd with inward Rancor; the others fester'd sorely with Carking and vain Solicitude: they pricked some to death with Needles, (these were they whose discontentedness would not suffer them to rest quiet) and run others through with red-hot Irons (these were they whose Flesh was corrupted, and whose Marrow was burnt up within their bones.) Thus the *Furies* divided the Spoils among themselves, laid waste the Lands, and *treacherously* killed the poor Captives, to whom they had promised *Quarter*. Whilst *Desire* (and that too always followed by *Loathings*)
made

made them greedily swallow down the poysoned *Baits*.

Nay, both the Extremes hugged themselves together against *Man*. In the *Gentile* Sinner, the fine sparkish

Opposites made
Friends.

Gallant, he observed a befeeming Foppery and Court-Flattery : but in the *Clown*, Rudenesses and Incivilities, Roughness and a rugged ill-natur'd Untractableness. One was Fool-hardy ; another Fool-wary. He was too Rigorous, but the other over-Easie ; and both thereby *alike* hurtful unto Virtue. So much Knavery could not *rid* the Multitude of Folly, nor Cowardise of Temerity. The Deceiving and the Deceived, the Blockish and the Crafty, the Fantastical and the Morose, lived near together, and were *beholding* to each other for what they were. The Knave led the Fool by the Nose, till he himself was at last caught in the *Gin*, and by tearing himself flattered to get out, but could not. There were both the Despairing and the Desperate, who presented themselves to his view : the former desponded of every thing, the latter of nothing ; and *past* Despair, durst set upon *Impossibilities* ; whereas those *through* Fear durst not set upon the greatest *Possibilities*. Affectation dressed up more than a few to be *laughed* at, and Indecence as many to be *trodden* on. Abjection and Highmindedness, Impudence of

Brow and a Sheepish Unmanliness, Arrogance and Baseness, a crabbed Sourness and soft *bonnyed* Soothing, bound up as many Slaves as one another, and triumphed over the weakness of those they had conquered. Treachery combined with over-much Officiousness, and mean Condescensions went along with them to *support* Tyranny; Diffidence & foolish Presumption hand in hand; much Talk and peevish Silence, looser Laughter and a Weeping-fit, mutually succeeding each other. Thus even Contraries conspired against a weak Race, were reconciled to do Man an *Injury*. But though some were so modest as but to scatter up and down among the least number of Victaries; he could see light and unsettled Spirits, Selfishness, littleness of Mind, a love of the World, Imposture and Blindness in every place; with Machivellian Policy, the Devices and Slights of cunning Cheats sent to impose upon the World, Massacres, Plots, Factions, Rebellions——. Dire Presages were seen to fill the Heavens, and an hundred thousand Plagues and upwards to hover over head, ready to fall. REMORSE and TROUBLE of MIND brought up the *Rear*.

Thus all the Vices and the Passions were *banded* together against frail Man: thus they divided and ruled their Conquests. And in such sort did all the World (except a few despised

spised Pilgrims) seem unto him enslaved by this Sorcerers FOLLY, and their hearts tyrannically possess'd by foolish hopeless Vices. Whereinto these * *Devils* were no sooner entered, but *the Herd* (properly enough so called) *ran violently down a steep place into the Lake, and were choked.* Luke 8. 33.

And so which way soever the *sorrowful* Contemplator lookt, he saw a thousand thousand Follies, ridiculous Phrensies, Miscarriages, heavy and numberless Calamities, infinite Evils. A *sight* view whereof had heretofore, when he was young, such an effect upon his mind, was so dreadfully amazing, as struck in him a resolution presently to quit the World, and seek new Countries out, where *Death* and *Sin* had got no footing, and where Innocence might rest secure from either Violence or Fraud.

Wearied with so dismal a *Prospect*, he put up his *Glass*, unwilling to view any longer, and descended to the bottom of the Hill, which was washed by the River *Thamus*. Whose sadly discoloured streams had not yet lost the *stain* of a miserable Slaughter that was somewhere thereabout committed. As if *they* even blushed at mans Cruelty, were ashamed of that Barbarity which he gloried in; and thinking it a very praise-worthy Enterprize, sought perhaps to have eterniz'd in Pillars of Stone,

or everlasting Records. The dejected Father feeling the burthen of his Grief unsupportable, fate himself down under the fair spreading shade of a tall Pine. Sorrow had sunk his eyes into his head, and made his eye-lids come together, and his heart-strings were almost ready to burst; when casting in his black melancholy thoughts what he had seen, he thus uttered himself.

CHAP. III.

Theosophus meditates on the Folly and Misery of the World, and thence takes occasion to run out into the Praises of Paradise.

Good God! and is it possible that ever anyone can be in love with such a mass of Evils, such an heap of Misery and Sin? What, I pray, can a delirious brain fancy herein so lovely? Is it a great Name, or a great Estate; blustering Vanities, or useless Superfluities? Is it a Body plaiſter'd with Paint, or a rotten Carcaſs gilded o'er with exterior Braveries? Perhaps it may be any, or all of these: for nothing did I ever see, but that a fool could admire, and a wise man despise.

*poise. I see it is just so: no Victory is now held
 so honourable as to overcome ones Reason, and
 baffle Conscience; nor Conquest so deserving as
 everlastingly to overthrow one self. See, how far
 the Triumphs of that bewitching Siren (sinful
 Folly) are extended! See, how they are all led
 in Chains by this their foolish Goddess, and sub-
 mit their necks to be trodden on by the sweet De-
 stroyer! For of a truth it is mankind is mad,
 stark raving mad. They court Misery, run upon
 the jaws of Hell; so sottishly vicious, as to mi-
 stake all that is good for evil, and find no Pleasure
 but in their own Wretchedness. O prodigious
 and unheard-of Folly! Are Anger, Revenge,
 Envy, Love, Discontent so delightful Passions,
 such pleasing Perturbations of the Mind? As
 well may we go and fancy the burnings of a Fever,
 or St. Anthony's Fire, as any of these: nay, as
 soon shall I be brought to think a Leper beautiful,
 as a Woman deformed with Lust. Prithee tell
 me therefore, foolish Worldling, what dost thou a-
 dore, and how thou cam'st to be thus enamour'd
 with the World. O miserable and unsatisfying
 World! whom the whole is not able to content,
 even the least dust is enough to trouble and discom-
 pose; a small Atome or Mote in thy eye, every
 trivial Mischance, and every uneasie Accident,
 death of thy Friends, the miscarriages of thy
 Child or of thy Servant, are of more force to af-
 flict thee, than all the rest of it to ease thee. And*

is it for this goodly Vanity, that so many Wars are commenced, Conspiracies hatched, civil Broils fomented and carried on by ambitious Spirits ? Is this the Prize of so many noble Actions ? — Let the vainglorious Victor now boast his strength, and leave engraven in brass the Monuments of his fortunate Cruelty. If to kill be so great honour, why should not the Wolf, the Lion, and the Bear, challenge it as well as Man ? Is it because they fight with less courage, or with less force ? If so, go, proud Murtherer, and if thou canst, grapple with one of these, and then acquaint me which is the weakest : thou that art so strong, dost thou not fear the Trunk of the Elephant, and the Tusks of the wild Boar ? Believest thou not that Diseases, Dearth, and Plagues can dispatch quite as many as thou ? Tet who praiseth the Pestilence for depopulating whole Towns, or worshippeth the Fire for being more terrible, and burning down the Houses of some and Palaces of others ; or hath learnt yet to flatter the Surfeit for snatching away so many young men in the spring of their flourishing years ? With these therefore go, and share thy ill gotten Praises : unto these, that much better deserve it than thou, communicate thy Fame : let these, I say, partake of thy Triumphs, and together with these, erect the Trophies of thy redoubted Valour. O monstrous Inhumanity of Men, thus to destroy one another ; and what is more, even glory in that destroying !

But

But wherefore call I them so? Are these men? it cannot be: them I always took to be another sort of Animals, more divine, more rational Creatures. Who can tell me where to find a Man, one that has not put off himself, nor lost the image of his Creator?

How can my eyes behold this; the blasted Earth made the Habitation of Devils, Cities the retreat of the Elk and the Lion, the Beasts of the Forest and impure and raging Spirits? What do I see everywhere, but a Wilderness of wild Beasts? but that alas, now I think on it, Tygers and Pards are less cruel, do never prey upon their own kinds. Is it then a Map of Hell, or is it Hell it self? but even there the very Devils divide not against themselves.—How are the Northern Isles laid waste, the European Coasts stain'd o'er with humane blood? What is it that makes the wretched Natives strive thus to out-vy the years past and the years to come, both in their Crimes and Punishment? Must all the Wickednesses and Calamities of all Ages be amassed together in this one? * Therefore mine eyes, O God, gush out with water: they gush out with water, because men keep not thy Law; continually cast forth Rivers of water for the approaching destruction of this People: yea, my Zeal has even consumed me, because mine enemies have forgotten thy Words. Without

any

* Psal. 119. v. 136, 139.
Lam. 3. v. 48, 49, 50.

any intermission mine eye trickleth down, and ceaseth not; till the Lord look from Heaven. Behold, Lord, look down upon and pity: pity, most gracious Jesu, the madneses of those silly wretches, those who by their evil Guides are infatuated to so high a degree as to embrace, under a shew of Sanctity, the deadliest sins, and embrew their hands in bloud, that so they may appear the meek followers of thee, the Prince of Peace. Wilt thou let Schism and Heresie, with all their vile monstrous brood, thus rigorously persecute (O horrid Barbarity!) thy most holy, thy most lovely Spouse the Church? Wilt thou not support her under the Cross thou hast laden her with? Crosses and Martyrdoms are nothing to this Persecution. She now feels within her own bowels more than a thousand Diocletians: the most exquisite tortures and enraged cruelties of Superstition, and Hypocrisie, and Profaneness. Behold, Lord, and pity: behold the Giants of the Earth, the mighty men, how they labour to overturn all things, to shake the very foundations of the Earth, and shatter this same goodly frame of the Universe into Confusion, Discord, and Chaos: into that which is many degrees worse than its primitive Nothingness. Behold even how Heaven it self is (again) assaulted by their enormous Villanies, their huge Gigantick Crimes! Crimes that are always attended on by Famine, Plague, War, and all the meagre train of Deaths, which

which we poor silly Mortals both court and dread. So that *Virtue* is now by many thought to be but an imaginary Being, a pious Dream, a vain fantastical Chimera of some dull Brain, the dotage of a morose stupid Ascetick; and made the Worlds Fucus to the foulest Vices: Fury and Madness. Sedition and Murther, usurp the milde and sacred names of Zeal and Godliness. In this lamentable decay of Piety, where shall one find a good man, or an honest Pilgrim? —

He would have proceeded, but that some Herdsmen driving their Beasts by that way to the Market, here disturbed him. The Beasts were very plump, and skittishly played as they passed by; not knowing whither they were driven. *Alas* (said he to himself) how unconcernedly do these poor Cattle now go to be slaughtered? They who drive them have onely fattened them for this, that they may now sell them to the Butchers, and their Deaths bear a greater rate. Thus fares it with the Pilgrims of these unhappy times, who after that they suffer themselves to be transform'd into Beasts, and to be fattened and stall'd with irrational beastly pleasures, are by themselves, or their interested Guides, soon sold over to destruction and the slaughter.

After these passed by others also of the Country thereabout, that had labour'd very hard all that day; in whose looks one might
read

read an honest and rough Simplicity. Whom the good man therefore thought he could easily enough perswade to seek their own Welfare ; and to go along with him, leaving the toilsome and barren Earth unto the more fruitful Plains of *Paradise*. And to this end he used the most sweet and most prevailing means, discoursed very plainly with the poor Drudges, dealt with all the openness and sincerity possible concerning their removal and the way thither, and left nothing unattempted to make them happy. But all in vain ; he met with so fierce (so much the more fierce as the more unexpected) opposition from these besotted Clowns. Instead of Simplicity he meets with Bluntness, and a resolute ill-grounded Refusal : so far are they from being perswaded by the plainness and the truth of his Discourse, or at all better'd by his sober Admonitions, that some of them revile, and others jeer, and every one despiseth him.

Though the most noble-minded *Theosophus* knew not how to sorrow for himself, yet could he not chuse but *deeply* sorrow for these enslaved Wretches. But as he was still disappointed, so his disappointment still made him the more strive to obtain, and the more long to be in *Paradise*. On which place (having by this time marshalled, in his sorrowful thoughts, all the deplorable Vanities of the World that

he

he had seen) he brake forth in this manner following.

But as for thee, O divine place, how glorious art thou ! how great and transcendent is thy Beauty ! and how desirable is the Vision of thee before all others ! Nothing but thee do I desire ; I think of nothing but thee ; my very Enemies can witness how incessantly I praise thee, O supream Beatitude : the Brooks and Winds (that use to repeat my words) can tell as much. Paradise, how do I pant and thirst after thy Felicity ! * Paradise is inscribed upon my heart in indelible characters, and every minute carries the blessed name of Paradise along with it. All the day long my thoughts are of thee, and at night my roving phant'sie cannot rest from seeking thee out. In a Land where no man seeketh thee, but every one is gone astray after their own inventions, my Soul continually gasps after thee : yea, in a barren and a thirsty Land where no Waters are, and where the People have hewen out to themselves broken Cisterns : forsaken the Wells of the Prophets, because they flow from thy sacred Head. What study or cost have I spared to learn whereabouts thou art seated ? What have I not underwent to make a Discovery into thy Cælestial Map ? Have I not for this exposed my self to the fury of raging Winds and the tempestuous Main, been toss'd up and down by the Storms of Popular Zeal, robb'd by Pyrates, engulf'd up in Misery,

and

and oftentimes even sunk to the bottom with Reproach and Calumny? Have I not in thy enquiry searched all places, endured both the chill cold and scorching heat of different Climes in Religion? And what else shall I do to win thee, thou fair Object of my Affection? Thou knowest how laborious, how diligent I have always been to fill thee with Inhabitants; when not onely my Adversaries, but my very Friends also (those at least who profess themselves my Friends) would by their too quarrellsome Piety or open Profaneness, turn thee into Solitude and a dispeopled Wilderness. O that I could pull down Mercy and Peace from thy holy place! Why dost thou not manifest thy self unto us, and put an end to all our Controversies? --- O when will come those happy days? --- Will they ever come? --- Tes, did but exil'd Charity return, they would then be very near: then shall our Divisions be healed, and thy Paths (by consequence) crouded. In the mean while how unhappy are we in the Quest after thee, whom the very eagerness and heat of Pursuit still makes us to lose: --- And shall we all thus perish? No sure, it cannot be. It cannot be that any Soul should perish in the search after thee. It cannot be, no more than I can cease to love thee; no more than I can cease to pant after thy Joys. And can I ever do this; can I ever forget thee? No. Impossible it is for me not to extol thee among the Children of men.

How

How desirous am I to tell thy Lovers where thou may'st be found, and how ready to conduct humble Souls into thy blissful and immortal state! How do I long for thee, thou sure Reversion of never-fading Pleasures! Paradise the meed and recompence of my Travels, Paradise the sole aim of all my hopes, how fain would I leave these Habitations of Clay, to dwell in thine eternal and delightful Mansions! What would I not give to enjoy the liberty of thy Citizens, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! ----- Why art thou then thus concealed from mine eyes, or what makes me to be debar'd the fruition of my Lord? Why do not ye who are his winged Messengers, translate me thither? For I am wearied with toil and labour, I am quite tired with vexation, and can hardly any longer (but for his sake whom I love) endure to be thus flouted at by these Country-Swains for teaching them the most necessary and the most profitable Truth in the World: and to be persecuted even by those who in shew appear his most devout and zealous Pilgrims. But alas, that-----: that which dams up my heart with grief, is, that all this while, this tedious while, I have not so much as gained over a Profelyte, not so much as a Profelyte to follow his steps. My Endeavours, alas, alas, have all been fruitless and come to nought; all along have I been disserviceable unto thee, dear JESUS.----- In vain do I strive to honour thee, in vain do I

H

strive

strive to advance thy Kingdom upon Earth: the Feuds and Rents in thy Church do quite dishearten me. Is not Truth, preached out of my mouth, term'd Heresie; and Primitive Christianity, without any further scrutiny, strait exploded? Whensoever I speak, my Neighbours look awry, and every one stops his ear against me. Wo is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have my habitation among the Tents of Kedar. My Soul hath long dwelt among those that are Enemies unto Peace. I labour for Peace; but when I speak unto them thereof, they make ready to battel. Who will therefore give me the wings of a Dove, that I may flie and rest my self upon the Mount of God! When must I leave this Beth Chomer! this Cottage of Clay! this ruinous and shaken house! O that I had wings like a Dove; for then would I flee away and be at rest. O when shall I arrive there! How long will it be, O my Soul, before I enter the Court of Heaven!

CHAP. IV.

His Vision.

IN such sort did the *dejected* Eremit pour forth his Soul upon the Banks of the River *Thamus* (whose *becrimson'd* streams well enough accorded with his *Wo*, and whose waves seemed to *listen* to his words, and then rejoyce to report them to each other in *sorrowfully-painful* Eccho's,) till by the rowling *murmurs* of the Current, and the heaviness and sorrows of his *wearied* Spirits, he was easily compelled to take the *respite* of a little sleep.

But his Imagination suffered him not to rest: for no sooner had he let his Senses go, but he thought he saw a *rich* and *stately* Temple raised suddenly by the hands of *Angels*; the Materials and Stones whereof were taken out of the *Cælestial* Quarries, and the Sun glittering against the Walls, rendered it above measure *resplendent*: which frightened away an ugly *Pore-blind* Hag that had hid her self under the Ground-work, not able to abide so dazling a *Lustre*. For she loved to converse with *Bats* and *Screech-Owls*, her Eyes being too *weak* to endure the *Light*, or even without

violence the least *gleam* thereof; so hateful unto her, that to obscure the same, out of her mouth she continually *belched* forth *foggie* Exhalations, and *muffled* her head round with gross *palpable* Darkness; by which he knew her to be IGNORANCE: the mistaken *Mother* of mistaken *Devotion*. He was for some while delighted, he said, to view the glory and magnificence of this *divine* Structure, and to behold the *chase* of that blind deceiving Witch.

But at last he saw the *Clouds* begin to gather themselves together very thick, and the *Sun* strait to hide his head, and *Ignorance* again return. When he observed a great many making *Battery* against it. But others there were he perceived *undermining* the Foundation: and withal some hellish Spirits not far off, who *yelled* hideously at his *beauteous* Decency, raising a *Storm* which beat against it, *shaking* the stones so, that the *Underminers* more easily overthrew it; and nothing presently was left but the Ruines of this (once) *goodly* Fabrick. Than which, nothing could *move* the melancholy Dreamer more. But the Air at length *clearing* up, and the Fogs dispelled by the bright Rays of Truth (the *Sun*) this same Temple (that but lately fell) again appears to him in *greater* beauty and splendour; upon whose *Portal* he read, *The CHAPPEL of*
the

the Pilgrims to the HOLY LAND. During the while, there touched his ear a sad pleasing harmony of elegiack and mournful Notes in a most soft melodious Air. All which was closed in a *sudden* turn with quick and joyful *Hallelujahs*. And as he lookt to know whence it came, not yet recover'd of his pensive sadness, he saw a winged Youth, as quick as Lightning, pierce the Sky, who *smilingly* approaching him, touched him with his wings; and shewing him a Mitre richly *set* with curious stones, invisibly held up, having this Inscription, *To him that leadeth*; thus, with a countenance darting forth beams of joy, spake, *viz. Why art thou, Son of Man, thus heavy and cast down, as if thy God had forsaken thee? I have hitherto (though unseen) still attended on and guarded thy person; but am now specially commanded from him who is thus solicitous for you, to raise up your drooping Spirits, and to assure you that your labours are accepted with him, and that after many disappointments, hazards, and perils of life it self, you shall find a select number ready to bear you company unto those yonder happy Regions of Immortality, where I, my dear Charge, expect at last to see you.*

Having said this, his Guardian Genius (who had ordered all these Shadows, and presented them to his Imagination) disappear'd, leaving in his veins for a long while after, such a secret

joy, as made all his bloud leap ; and such a calmness in his Soul, as made him quite forget his past discomforts.

However, he was somewhat *startled* after this, at the sight of a dead Corpse before his feet, beginning to move and stand upright.

This broke the Chains of Sleep, setting his senses and thoughts at liberty to *reflect* upon what he had seen. All which (except the motion of the dead Corpse) when he consider'd the sweet comfortable words of his Tutelar *Angel*, admitted of an *ease* interpretation. The subversion of the Church, and re-edifying thereof, the Mines under the Foundation, the yelling of Devils, the Tempest, the return of *Ignorance*, the glorious Mitre, and the dolorous Musick, concluded with divine and sprightly *Hallelujahs* , were all *obvious* to make out. Onely this appearance of the Carcass seemed to *forebode* some sudden *Evil*, which he would fain have understood.

CHAP. V.

*What immediately thereupon fell out.
His Persecution.*

NOW upon the shore, not far from him, lay a small *Casket*, thrown up, as it were, by the flowings in of the Tyde. On which, as he took it into his hands to view it more narrowly, (guessing it to be the Prize of some poor slaughter'd man) he found the Holy *Lamb* curiously *nick'd*, with this word, *Who overcometh*; and underneath that, the *Seal* of the dearest Consort of his troubles, *Eubulus*. *O my Eubulus, have I then lost thee? What cruel hand has thus bereaved me of my Friend? Was it this the Corpse portended? Well, be it so, yet grieve I will not. Thy Journeys end thou hast but so much sooner attained; and with a shorter cut, than otherwise thou couldst, hast reach'd the Holy Land. Happy Martyr, I envy thee not:—yet I cannot, methinks, but sorrow somewhat for my self who am left behind.—Stay,—let me open this Casket: herein perhaps I shall find his last words directed to his Friend.*

Thus said he to himself, and then breaking it open, the first thing treasur'd there he met

with, was a fair rich Manuscript of the *two Covenants* in their Original Languages, with an antient Liturgical Form of Prayer annexed thereunto. Next, in a long Scrole was contained the Constitutions and the Articles of the Primitive Pilgrims. There was also an Emerald-Ring believed to be of efficacy to preserve Chastity, having the whole History of the Crucifixion most admirably *etched* on it. Wrapt up it was in a small shred of Paper, bearing this Inscription, *The Gift of the excellent Youth Theophilus*. But at the bottom he found a Letter, the purport whereof was as follows; viz.

With Orthodoxus and Uranius, in the solitary Vale of Edena, now ready to be taken; and fearing to be rifled of this small Treasure (partly theirs) which would endanger us all: I am forced to cast the same into the River, hoping that if it perishes not there, it may by some means or other light into the hands of the Reverend Theosophus, my honoured Friend and Supervisor. For whose safety I am very much troubled, having over-heard some whispers of a Conspiracy against his life, by raising a Commotion in the Country-people. The chief Instigators whereof I have learnt to be Diotrephes and Santomero. But we must
acqui-

*acquiesce in the divine pleasure; knowing
that through this * Bochim,
this Valley of Tears, we are* * Jud. c.2. v.5.
to pass unto Mount Sion.

EUBULUS.

Scarce had he read this Letter from his Friend, when he could distinguish these pitiful Complaints, in a voice which he thought he was not unacquainted with, coming from an adjoining Tree: O my dear Timotheus, my dear Friend, my Timotheus, alas, my Timotheus, alas, where art thou? where, alas, shall I find thee, my dear Companion? Art thou quite lost? O would it had pleased God to take thee away whilst thou wert his: Then had I not lost thee; but now I have lost thee. Happy had it been for thee, dear Timotheus, if thou hadst died long ago. Yea, nothing could have been happier for thee than this: I should not thus have grieved for thee, though I had thereby lost so excellent a Friend. Art thou yet alive, my Timotheus, or no? Why didst thou thus leave thy Friend without so much as acquainting him first therewith? Where art thou now stragling? Hast thou forgot all those Discourses we had about Paradise, and how we used to delight our selves in contemplation of its Beauties? Dost thou not remember how thou and I were wont to send up our extatick Souls into that happy, most happy place; there

there to meet, with our Supplications and our Praises, the good, the gracious, the almighty, the almerciful Prince thereof? Sure thou canst not but remember how graciously he always heard and answered our Petitions: thou canst not but remember his favours that he delighted to shower down upon us. How oft hast thou told me thou couldst never disremember these, or put Paradise out of thy mind? O my good God, my kind and merciful Father, ever glorious Prince of the best Abodes, hear me this once, and grant, I beseech thee, that I may find my lost Friend and thy lost Child. O that these my Sighs could so prevail on thee, that thou wouldest send back my Friend to me, and at the same time bring him back to thy self! O that thou wouldest entertain him as the returning Prodigal! O that thou wouldest receive him again into the number of thy Servants and thy Pilgrims! This I beg of thee, for the sake of the Son of thy Love, and that precious Atonement which his Blood makes. O my dearest God, unlimited in thy Perfections and thy Goodness, holy, ever-blessed, adorable TRI-UNE Majesty, who art the great Pitier of perishing Souls, and hast sworn that thou delightest not in the death of a sinner; suffer not that poor sinner to perish: though he is thy Enemy, he is seduced: O recal him instantly, and undeceive him; reconcile him to thy self, and be thou reconciled

to him: * *Thou who wilt be known unto all ei-
ther by Illumination*

*or Condemnation,
work now powerfully
upon his heart, and of
a profane Enemy,
make him thy devout*

* Ὁ τρεῖς ἰσχυροὶ τοῦ πανδοκίου,
τοῖς μὲν τῇ ἐλπίδι, τοῖς δὲ τῇ καλῇ
συνείδησι καὶ τῇ ἀρετῇ ἀποσταλόμενοι τῷ
νῦν ἵεσσι, καὶ παντὶ ζῳοντι καὶ
παντὶ ἔτι ἐλπίσιν, καὶ ἰσὺ τῇ ζῳῇ
ἀλλὰ καὶ τῇ χάριτι, — Nazianz.
Orat. sec. de Pace.

*Adorer. This I hope thou wilt grant, though
thou shouldest be therefore pleased to lessen my
part in thee, and allot me but half a share in thy
Paradise. O how contented would I be with
this!*

*Theophilus thought he would not so soon
have ended, but that one, as he supposed, here
came to him; to whom he could hear him
say, O Parthenius, I have been very melancholy
since you left me. But tell me, did you hear any
body speak of him? Did you ever see, tell me
true, among the Pilgrims, one so lovely as was Ti-
motheus? Pray, Theophilus (answered the
other) do not fear but that you will find your
Friend. Do you say so, dear Parthenius (re-
plied he) indeed I just now thought I had heard
some body tinkle in my ears, Timotheus is retur-
ning. But must I not fear, dost thou say? Sure
if he were not utterly lost, if any where he were to
be found, I had found him before this. Are not
two years and half of a third that I had sought
him, a long while? Come (said Parthenius unto
him, in quite as sorrowful a note, though he
strove*

strove to comfort) what, will you, who while Timotheus was among us, was always observed to be the merriest and pleasanter of us, now vex and pine away your self, so that in a short while you will not be able to stir after him? Pray now do not trouble your self so excessively, but depend upon God, and expect his Will. I should be as glad if I could win Philogynus to put on chaste Pilgrims Weeds, as you could if you should meet rambling Timotheus. But you know that neither can be effected but by our great and gracious Master, and through his assistance; unto whom our Prayers must pierce, if we think to do any good. For

* Si Stephanus non orasset, Ecclesia Paulum non habuisset. Aug.

a * St. Paul, are we not beholding to the Prayers of the holy Martyr St. Stephen? And with our Prayers sent

upwards with the same fervency, we must look to gain over those two. Good Theophilus, do not weep so; put this out of your mind for some while: Do you not hear the News? What do you think will become of us all? We are all to prepare for suffering: for our Basilus his Army received yesterday a very sad defeat from the sacrilegious and wicked Theomachus. The wise Orthodoxus, the Angel-tongu'd Uranius, and the good-counselling Eubulus, are all taken from us: we are never like to see that venerable Guide the suffering Patriarch Cyprianus more: and our Theosophus the best and chief among us, Theosophus

sophus the best Man and best Guide, is sought after by them. Do you not see those stains upon the Waters, and the devastation round us? What can we now further do for Basilius, or Basilius do for us? At this, cryed Theophilus, God preserve Basilius, but let him do what he please with us.

Now at the name of *Basilius*, *Theosophus* his heart beat very much; yet he was unwilling to interrupt them, and thought it better to wait a little longer to see how they would break up their Discourse. *What (said Theophilus) is this your News? I tell you, dear Cousen, I can be angry with you almost for this: nay, try me whether I cannot be angry. Am I not angry now? I never knew you, dear Parthenius, a Relator of such sad things. Is it true? But why did I ask whether that is true that Parthenius tells me? Pray be not angry with me for it. I think I spoke out of anger, pray pardon me. Truly, though I never wished so before in my life, I could now wish, my dear Parthenius, that you speak not truth. Come, let us rise, and go seek, you, Philogynus: I, Timotheus: and when we shall have found them, we will hold them fast; and to take the Pilgrims VOW, will bring them to the good Theosophus. But now I speak of Theosophus, let me see, where is that little Box I had to deliver unto him, which I took up yonder? would I could but find him now to give it him.* *Theosophus,*

phus, who heard distinctly enough what they said, was somewhat surpriz'd at this, and more when *Theophilus* looking after the Box, spake thus to *Parthenius*: *I remember I laid it there; you saw me, did not you? how can it then be moved away? for I have seen no body walking here. Sure I have not lost it: I would not have it lost for ever so much. The Effigie of the holy Lamb makes me think there is somewhat in it worthy to be prized. Did not you, Parthenius, take it up? tell me if you have.* But *Parthenius* assured him he had not; and *Theophilus* knew not how to dis-believe *Parthenius*, though he could not see any other probability, but that *Parthenius* had taken it up and laid it somewhere else.

Theosophus, now to put an end to this, went towards the Tree under which they sate, near unto the place he had taken up those sacred Treasures. They both rose up to reverence him; but *Theophilus* thereat startled, looking about him as if he had lost something and could not find it, very ingenuously confessed, *Sir, I was to search out you, and give you a Box, which I saw one afar off (whom I supposed to have been either Orthodoxus or Eubulus) throw in to the River. I made haste to take it up, which when I had taken up and looked upon, I knew whose it was, and esteemed it as much as if I had saved a little Moses (and perhaps I did) in his Ark, floating on the waters. I designed therefore*
to

to bring it you, my good Father: there, there it was I laid it down, thinking no body to be here; but now I see it is gone. Pray have you met any one with such a little Box, walking this way, that I may enquire after, and if it be possible regain, the same? At this, said the old Father, do not trouble your self, sweet Theophilus, for he whom you designed to have it, has it already; and therein contained not onely Moses, but a greater than Moses; so far were you from being deceived. But tell me if you have yet seen your Friend? These last words made him as sad as the other made him joyful. I think, answered he, weeping very sadly, I saw him once, but so alter'd and chang'd, as I scarce knew him; and then he would not come near me, but ran away, and never since can I hear of him: this is now the thirtieth month in which I have not spake unto him. I have at last got Parthenius to travel along with me; and he also is seeking for one that is lost.

The charitably-minded Theosophus gave directions to both, how they should bring them back, if they lighted at any time into their company: and told them, that perhaps they might find them either blind or deaf, but that under the cover of friendship they might apply that which, with the divine blessing, would cure both their Eyes and Ears. So he parted from them, holding up his hands, and saying,
 God

God bless you, brave Touths, and give you your desired success.

When they were gone he read over again *Eubulus* his Letter, it being so unexpected and so surprizing to him, and thought upon it with much concern for his three *Friends*, but little for *himself*. Scarce had he read it, when he heard a tumultuous noise, which as it approached still nearer, he distinguished to be, *Where is this heretical Dog? did we not see him here?* And instantly he was surrounded by the rude Country-folk (that he had

* Chap. 3.

* lately left) arm'd with Flails, Forks, and other rustick Weapons that came next to hand. Amongst whom he saw a young man not like the rest, of more ingenuous looks, which he thought to have *some* resemblance of *Theophilus*, and *more* of the old loyal *Hegemon* whom he loved. But as they were laying their barbarous clutches upon his aged body, as if they meant to tear and shake him limb-meal apieces; there fell a very great Storm of Hail and Rain that dispersed them all, and forced them (against their wills) to leave him unto his escape. Whereupon his *Devotion* broke out into Songs of *deliverance*, and his pious Soul confessed that so *unexpected* an Evasion, and so *miraculous*, could not but be the effect of his *all-powerful* Preserver.

But the devout Father had never long time

to rejoyce : he was soon after set upon again by some others of a contrary Faction and course of Life, Tories bravely mounted, (with whom was *Santomero* in disguise) who in a drolling manner thus accosted him : *Prithee, old Grandfire, canst tell us any news of our friend Theosophus ?* *Sirs* (replied he) *you cannot easily miss of him.* So spurring their Horses, they left him whom they most sought after, and rode in quest of him whom they had already found.

Again another time; on a dark Moonless night, as he was repaired to a melancholy and secret Wood for his Devotions; he lighted, before he was aware; upon a private Junto of men, who all rising up to him, surprized him with this Complement : *O Father Mariana; are you come ? Our Associates Pedro and Loyola had us at your arrival expect to receive the Determinations of our supreme Musty, and gave us strict charge to follow your Advice.* These words startled him not a little, you may be sure; and had he not been opportunely befriended by the night, his looks would without doubt have manifested the *Error*. But finding that he was took for a quite different person, he thought it the safest course not to disclose who really he was. Assuming therefore courage from the disguise of a false *Mariana*, he past confidently by, and with a seeming great
I haste;

haste, thus abruptly bespoke them: *Stay me not now with your discourse, for my business is urgent upon me, and will not admit of any the least delay.* To which they all as quick replied, *Whither hie you so fast? Is it to assassinate the Tyrant Basilius? Well, after your work is finished, pray fail not to meet us at Bethaven, where we long to hear you relate the Transactions of St. Peter's Court.* Nor will we our selves be lacking to entertain you with a satisfactory account of the strange success our Stratagems have hitherto had against that religious heretical Sot Theosophus and his Adherents. So farewell: Let Hell prosper your designs. The most pious and peaceable Theosophus not much regarding their Answer, or wicked Plottings, made haste away; glad to be so easily rid of his deceived Adversaries, and with but small intent to meet them at the appointed place. Although the name and practices of Mariana were notoriously enough infamous, yet this honest Eremite before now could never be induced to believe him an *Accomplice* of them, who in publick strove to appear his most inveterate and jarring *Enemies*. So horrid a confederacy and familiarity betwixt two such seeming opposite Parties, was too strong for his Faith, and made him now almost mistrust his Senses. Having got free from them, he spent the whole night in Prayers for Basilius, and that (once flourishing)

ing) Church which their *hellish* Complottings had *subverted*.

He was afterwards encountered by several other Companies. And though he came not off always free from violence, yet still found deliverance; a *sure*, if not an *easie* one. Which Encounters, for that they were many, and the remembrance of them might perhaps prove *troublesome* to a few good men, are wholly omitted.

Thus being pursued by *all* Parties, and oftentimes hardly escaping with life, he wandered many a weary step through over-grown Woods and dark solitary Recesses, absconding himself in Caves and Grotto's, till at last he settled in a poor Hut, that for *secrecie* and the *nearness* of a certain Oratory, commended it self before all others. It was indeed not much indebted to *Art*, but rarely well accommodated with all natural Conveniencies for a *recluse* life; and being immur'd in by the green and prickly closure of a kind Thicket, was almost render'd secure from the violence of wild Beasts, and the quest of humane Malice; as if it had been purposely designed at first by the careful industry of Providence, a Sanctuary in future times to some persecuted religious Anchorite. Here that blessed man, the divine *Theosophus*, rested to expect the event of the *Vision*, by making this retreat from the World

preparatory and effectual thereunto ; chiefly, I think, encouraged to track the foot-steps of Innocence in such a rural solitude as this, and to chalk out a safe way to the heavenly Canaan.

CHAP. VI.

A remarkable Accident which during his Concealment happened to him.

ANd accordingly a while before the Celebration of Easter, he used to search the wild unfrequented places thereabouts, and beat the Hedges and by-ways, to find out and set aright any solitary wandering Pilgrim. How successful his Charity proved, you may judge by the event. One day above the rest, walking out, he was overtaken by a very thick Fog descending from the hills, that benighten'd all the Vallies round ; whereby every thing, at a short distance, was undiscernable to the eye. The Sun, as if he knew how to commemorate the Eclipse of the Sun of Righteousness, mantled over his light in black cloudy Exhalations : such was the darkness (though not universal) that it might not unfitly represent that mid-day-night wherein all the powers of Infernal Darkness were scatter'd and confounded.

ded. Which made him revolve in his contemplative mind all the dire and tragick parts of his Masters most *astounding* Passion; whom the Evangelical Records relate to have offer'd up his Soul a bloody Victim (about this time) for the Sins of the whole World. Thereupon his thoughts crowding too fast upon each other, were forced at length to burst out into some such Expressions as these, *viz.*

My Lord and Saviour, how great and intolerable were the pains which thou didst endure! How sharp and pungent was thy grief! Who, alas, can express thy Sorrows, or comprehend the riches and excellency of thy Goodness! What else but infinite Love could make thee, holy Prince, before whom all knees bow both in Heaven & Earth, put off thy Cælestial Diadem and Glory, to court Infamy, Servitude and Misery; to be scourged reviled, and spit on; to be forsaken even of thy Father, and together with Thieves and Robbers nail'd upon the accursed Tree? For whose sake, dear JESU, didst thou submit to this? Could it be for the meanest of thy Vassals, for a depraved mortal Race, thy disloyal rebellious Subjects, and vile Creatures? Yes, LORD, thou knowest 'twas for them alone. — And is thy Death of no more efficacy to them? Do thy precious Wounds avail thus little? Has thy Blood lost its virtue, or thy Love its power? If not, how canst thou behold them perish for whom thou hast
done

done so much to effect the contrary? Canst thou let the World, after all this, be lost? or canst thou so far forget thy Name, as not to be merciful? Look down and see how the Destroyer of Mankind seems proudly to triumph in thy defeat! Why wilt thou any longer suffer him to usurp Dominion and Rule over that which is thine? Thou, LORD, art faithful, and remembrest the
** Promise made to thy Servant. In*
** Chap. 4. vain didst thou die, if—*

Here *Tears* gush't out so fast, as to block up all further passage for *words*, and leave him no power to speak the rest, except in sighs and *tacit* grief. He had not kept silence very long before he heard a small stir, which at first he little minded, thinking it to be the rushing of a Deer in the Thickets, till hearing a lamentable groan, he judg'd it to be of one in a worse case than himself, and therefore *sought* him out that he might *help* him. He was directed by the frequent reiteration of such mournful notes to a certain Bush hard by, where he could discern a *comely* Youth that had been barbarously tortur'd, and now ready to expire his breath, stript of all his Clothes, and ris'd of every thing but his *native* Beauty and Endowments. He, taking pity on the poor young man and his *hopeful* features, threw his Gown over him; and the Air clearing up, he made a shift to bear him home in his weak arms. But in the way he fell into a dead Swoon. CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The Penitents Sickness, and Signs of Recovery.

AT this the charitable Father, almost struck like him, believing that his Spirit then had quite vanished, and that now nothing in him of life was any longer remaining; fell down with him to the ground. Such a desperate lifeless stupor had indeed benumm'd the poor wretches Soul, that although the touch and pressure of a Prophet has proved *vital* and *salutary* to more than one, and the embraces and the expansion of a man of God *reviving* to many a *dead* Sinner, yet could this produce no effect upon the *appearing* Corpse.

Whereupon, after the Father had a little recovered himself, and was able, he went to prepare a Grave. When as he was going, the remembrance of his *Vision*, Promises of his God, and late apparition of an enliven'd Carcass, soon called him back, and bad him not distrust the *Veracity* of him that could not *lye*.

Being therefore come home into the hole of his devout Hermitage, and having laid down his sad burthen, and wept over it; he made a

gentle Fire (for it is near an impossibility to do any good in this case, if the Fires of Zeal be either *extinct* or over-*vehement*) to expel the cold and noxious Vapours. To it he brought the senseless body, in which he knew the Soul was *buried* ; and left not off applying such *Revocatives* as he had always at hand, till he felt *warmth* therein, next *breath* : And at last came a deep *sigh*, (a *glad* note you will say however of life) which was followed by this short moan, O *Eubulus*, *Eubulus* ! ---- But here he stopt, not able to go further. This so filled the spirits of *Theosophus* with *joy*, that (as his custom was) he could not forbear running out into Hymns of Praise and thankful Acknowledgments. Besides, it pleased him much to hear *Eubulus* named above any other ; as either longing perhaps to hear some news of his long-absent Friend, or else not knowing the true cause, willing to attribute it to a *supernatural* Impulse ; and even reckon the very calling and seeking after that reverend *Physician* of Souls, some kind of presage of *Recovery*. Now marking the lines of his face, he recollected how that amongst the tumultuous Rusticks in their late Assault, he had observed his forward *fury*, and had often listened to the Character given him by this same worthy person, whom returning to himself, he presently called for. All which made him not
desist

desist his labour, until with continual chafing and rubbing, he brought him wholly to himself again.

But he observes his Patient, in whose pale languid face but just afore there shone the remains of such feminine sweetness and winning prettiness, to be now covered over with Botches and Plague-sores, with the crust of a Leprosie, and the ruptures of Violence, scorched up with burning Fevers, and the Calenture of an intemperate Diet : tortur'd with sharp Dolors, with grievous twingings of Conscience ; so that he looked upon him as the most deformed and the most loathsome Monster in the whole Universe, the most miserable Wretch, vile unhappy Caitive, that ever his eyes beheld. Yet even this *increased* (not *lessened*) his *care* and *hopes*. For the *breaking* out and the *knowledge* of the *Disease*, he took to be the first and most necessary step towards its *Cure*, and the *surest* prognostick of *mending*.

It would have *daunted* I believe the most *daring* Sinner, have *stopt* him in his full *carriere*, but to have beheld here the *foulness* of Vice *unmaskt* ; whose ghastly affrighting looks deprived of all their *adventitious* beauty and false *glozing* pleasures, needed no Eloquence to *pain* them *worse*. Whilst his Breast (O all ye who read these Papers) was ransacked by this Ghostly Father, there appeared such *strange* forms

forms of Evils, and so *numerous*, making it the place of their beastly *Revels* and licentious *Scuffles*, as must needs certainly have struck *terror* and awful *confusion* (if not repentance) into the *careless* worldly-minded man: yea, made the *boldest* and *atheistical* Champion of Hell *quake* with cold shiverings. The *Dæmoniack* (so I think I may call him) was *possess'd* by no less than a whole *Legion* of Infernal *Elves*; who were discern'd *then* in thick swarms crawling about his *wicked heart*, that most *foul* Receptacle of all manner of *Impurity*, *scarified* with Libertinism, and even *burnt* into ashes with Lust and Youthful Desires.

His Gall had likewise overflown all the rest of his *better* parts, and fill'd his Spirit with *bitterness*. His vital *beat* was in danger of being extinguished by those black putrid *humours* which *rotted* his entrails, and made them *swell* into such a vast *hydropick* bigness. The *feculent settling* of the Wine and strong Liquors so *greedily* guzzled down and *merrily* quaffed off, sent up continually unwholsome *steams* to annoy the *rational* faculties. They were here always *darkned* with thick *pestilential* fumes ascending from those *slimy* Caverns, his Bowels. Thus his Reason was *disturb'd*, and Life *endanger'd*.

Near his Liver lay a Bag of rank greenish Poyson that discharged it self through all the
veins,

veins, and instead of bloud (the common Substitute of Life) *circulated* round this *body* of Sin. So that every Member was corrupted, all the powers of his Soul sick and weakened, lamed or dead, *common* Sense exil'd, and his *other* Senses made the Caterers for Vice: his Ears tinkled after obscene and goatish Narratives; his Eyes (like two baleful Torches set on fire with Hell) still cast forth nought but impure and lustful Flames; his Palate was vitiated with *Asian* Luxury; his Hand with Larceny and Fraud; his Head and Brains were giddy; his Limbs seiz'd with Rottonness; and his Tongue whet with Adders venome.

Good God, how was the Father surprized to behold this Monster of Iniquity, and Sink of all Uncleaness! How was he appal'd with horror at the dissection of this so guilty and leprous a Soul, polluted and stain'd with so many defilements, depraved with such unheard-of Turpitude, and flurr'd after such a gross manner with the foulest and deadliest Impieties! But how glad was he to discover and *scent* those wilde bestial Lusts kennel'd in their proper Dens and lurking Holes! Thus the prudent and holy Confessor, by prying into the source and the causes of the Malady, he (like a wise Physician of the Body) learnt to drive it out the better by a due application of medicinal and effectual means.

And

And how also did the Wretch himself look ! Now the scales fell from his Eyes, & Vice appeared to him in its ugly terrifying Aspect : All the sweets and the pleasures of his former lewd actions vanished, and nothing but the Sting was left behind ! Now nothing seem'd to be more ridiculously odious than an Habit of Sinning : Now did those precious Hours which he had saunter'd away in wanton Dalliance, return to accuse him : His divine and noble Soul upbraided his Sloath and Negligence ; and the beauty of Virtue was so ravishing in his eyes, as to make him esteem himself the blindest fool in nature, who had never yet courted *her*, or not courted her for *her self* : Now was he heartily sorry that ever he had offended the supream Majesty of Heaven, and would not in barter for the whole World, consent to act over afresh those sins which might provoke *him* to anger.

He now confest Drunkenness to be a *poysoned* Potion, Sensuality and Intemperance to be but *Swinish* Delights and the very *baits* of Perdition, Prodigality to be a toyish idle *Freak*, and Arrogance a swelling *Tumor* of the Mind, Profaneness a bold extravagant *Phrensie*, and all his past course of life *Madness* and *Folly*.

Esteeming these no ordinary Marks of future Health, the good Physician was still eager in continuing his help. He admonished his Patient

Patient to purge his Soul of that nastiness and filth in which she was bemi'd; to exorcise those Imps of Hell that were (he saw) industriously effecting his ruine, by sincere and holy Grief; and to cleanse his Ulcers with penitential Tears, those waters which are far better than * *Abana* or *Pharphar* to wash in, and wholsomer than † the Pool of † *Bethesda* when touch'd by an Angel.

* 2 King. 5. 12.

† Joh. 5. 2.

At this a violent passion seiz'd his heart, and made his eyes gush out into floods of Tears. Which prepared him to utter with devout affection and humility this pious antient Soliloquy, viz. *Put me not to rebuke, O Lord—: There is no health in my flesh—, neither is there any rest in my bones, by reason of my sin—: My wounds stink and are corrupt through my foolishness—: My loins are fill'd with a sore disease, and there is no soundness in my flesh. I am feeble and sore broken—: I roar therefore for the very disquietness of my heart: my heart panteth, my strength faileth me, and the light of my eyes is gone from me.— And I truly am set in the plague,—* Psal. 28.

In this moanful Ditty (which was still now and then interrupted with grievous sighs and throbs) he went on lamenting the foulness of his Disease, and soliciting with great earnestness the comfortable succour and healing Touch
of

of his merciful Redeemer: that *Touch* which was alone able to cure the *Lunacy* of a distemper'd brain, the *complicated* ills of an obstructed Spirit, and regenerate his Mind anew by *unlodging* those hellish Furies that *nested* within his breast. Having used this and some other select forms, he concluded all in the most excellent Comprizal of devout sorrow, *Have mercy upon me*.—Psal. 51. to the end.

After he had lain a good while in this humble and penitent posture, his looks began to be chearful, his paleness to be ting'd with a little red, his deformities grew less, and his sores dryed up into scurf. *Theosophus*, who by these glad signes was ascertained that his inward parts were now thorowly rinsed and gargled by those *purgative* Doses he had afore given him, thinks time to anoint his *Sores* with a certain generous *Balsam*. Some call it *Balm of Gilead*, others the *Panarion* of the Gospel, but all know it to be the *Bloud of Christ*, and that nothing else can cure a broken wounded Soul; nor *even* that, if the Wounds be not first made *clean* (for else how can it *operate*?) by the *drops* of a *preparatory* Contrition. He bad his Patient rely upon the Mercies of God, and the saving Name of JESUS; and having discoursed to him about an hour, of the nature and the effects of *Repentance*, (which will be too long to insert here) concluding with some obser-

observations on Spiritual Joy, told him that by the vertue of this heavenly *Balsam* (if he *hindred* not its working) he trusted before the following day should go down, to see him perfectly cured. Adding, that if on the morrow the *nauseousness* of his Stomach, all impure *Qualms*, that is, all *remanent* affections to sin, had left him; he might then, after a due and holy *preparation*, feed on the miraculous and medicinal *Bread of Life*.

CHAP. VIII.

The Mystical Feast unto which Theophilus carries his Charge.

THE next day therefore being the great Christian Festival of *Easter*, the young man arose betimes to welcome the Morning-Sun of Righteousness, that now began to *dawn* upon his Soul, and to *dart* in thither his *beams* of Life. He fancied himself new risen from the death of Sin, freed from the corruption of the Grave, and the eternal prisons of the nethermost Pit. Of the Miracle of this day he had so great an Instance upon himself, that ever after he used to commemorate it as the Festival both of *his Lords* and (by the vertue thereof) of *his own* Resurrection. He

He was not long up, before the careful *Theophylus* came to give him his customary Visit; who perceiving in his smiling countenance the calmness and the serenity of his mind, and from the evenness of his pulse (the moderation and sedateness of his passions) guessing at the regular reparation of his Health; cannot now any longer forbear to congratulate this his so miraculous a Recovery. *You see, my dear Youth* (says he, stretching out his hands to Heaven in an holy amazedness) *the power of that Sovereign Balsam! you know who made it; and who has been at the expence of a Miracle for your sake, and that also no ordinary one, even the God of Nature: he has, you see, condescended to form you anew, and reinstate you in Grace, by giving you another (and a much better) life. Be thankful therefore, good Son, and pay your Vows this day at his Altar: run forth, I advise you, and meet now the King of Glory, the Prince of Salem, the Emperor of the Holy Land. If you do this, he will pardon all your Misdeeds, will cure all your Diseases, and will enter you into the Bedrol of his Pilgrims. Now he is preparing to feast you at his Table, he expects to find you there, that he may number you among his Saints and Followers, the redeemed ones of Israel. Methinks I see you, dear Friend (my Patient I will call you no longer) prepared to entertain him within your heart, and am glad to see that you need*

need not my invitation. *Wherefore I shall reserve what I had to say to you, for them that lack it more.* So he left him unto his private Meditations and Prayers.

When not long after, having invested himself in an holy (but penitential) dress, he was led by his reverend Guide to a very fair and beautiful Temple not far off, in the midst of a gloomy religious Wood, commodiously enough seated for the devout retirement of the persecuted Followers of JESUS. It was elevated upon a small rising, decently built, and for the convenience thereof a long while resorted unto by *Pilgrims* of all Ranks and Conditions. But since the Roads to *Jerusalem* began to be *unfrequented*, this also was scarce ever visited, unless now and then by a few old decrepit *Beggars*.

Hither they came, and having entred this holy place, they fell down prostrate upon their faces, worshipping towards the East. They had not lain long upon the cold Pavement, breathing out their Souls after JESUS, and the Delights which are at his right hand, before their ears were touched with the Sighs and soft Ejaculations of some religious Devotes. When casting their eyes off the ground, they among the rest spied their dear *Eubulus*. Very glad you cannot but guess they were; and very glad was *Eubulus*, to find the Youth

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whom

whom he loved so affectionately, and had so long sought after, in *such* a place, with *such* a Friend; and to receive them both in safety, whom he heard the wild Foragers of the Voisinage thereabouts had torn and devoured. Nor was their Joy any whit *allayed* through the reverence of the place, which hindred them from so much as speaking to each other; but rather *increased* by their mutual assistance and fervency of Devotion, with all the *increases* that a religious Joy is capable of.

The *first* Solemnities were done, and the *Morning-Sacrifice* offered up, when *Theosophus* made so powerful and divine an Exhortation, highly valuable for its Eloquence, Solidity, and Piety, to usher in the Feast; that nothing but the length could tempt me to omit. One passage however I cannot forget; for having excellently discoursed upon the *Author* and *Dignity* of that heavenly Treat, he tells those few who were present, 'That it was not meant
' to *pamper* their Lusts, or make them *proud*
' or *lazy* in the way: but to be their *Viaticum*
' and spiritual Repast in their *Journey* to Heaven; whence the *Israelites* leaving the Brick-kils and slavery of *Egypt*, to pass through the
' *Wilderness* unto the Land flowing with *Milk*
' and *Honey*, received it in the posture of *travelling*, with their Loyns girt, Sandals on
' their feet, and a Palmers Staff in their hands,
' *Exod. c. 12. v. 12.*

After

After which, with what humble deportment and veneration did they approach the *holy* Altar! With what *ravishments* of joy did they come to this *Cœlestial Banquet*! With what a steddý and firm resolution did they purpose to *follow* their prime *Leader* JESUS, through all Difficulties and Hazards, unto the *happy* Land of Promise!

But as soon as the blessed JESUS, the glorious and peaceable Prince of *Jerusalem*, descended with *Myriads* of *Angels* attending on him, how did their hearts *burn* within them! with what transcendency of *Love*, and vehemency of *Desire*, did they address him! But here I am struck dumb with reverence and amazement, unable to describe this *sacred* Mystery; which the *Angels* do with *awful* admiration delight to look into.

CHAP. IX.

The Penitents Regeneration.

NEver was its effect more visible upon any, than upon this young happy Convert. Through the mysterious efficacy hereof, he was wonderfully chang'd into another man. It drove away his tyrannick Lusts and pleasant Torturers, making them lose their hold: made his curst Executioners flee frightened from him; his vain Desires, with every cruel Vice and Murderer of his Soul, disappear. His Senses were *released*, his Brain *disenchanted*, all his filthy and hellish Inmates *exorcised*, not so much as one left behind, but all driven out, by the Priests *sacred Charm, The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ*—: those sweet, those all-powerful words! Thus set at liberty, he became free to give himself unto him who had freed him. And thus washed and cleansed in the blood of the holy Lamb, he presented his *Body* to be from thenceforth a pure and hallowed *Temple*, and his *Soul* a chaste devoted *Sanctuary*, unto the divine Spirit, the Spirit of Purity and Holiness.

Fresh and holy thoughts began forthwith to
bud

bud and *bloom* within his mind; all his Members grew again like unto a little Infants: a clean purified heart was formed in lieu of the other; and (that which divine Mythologists name) the *old man* rotted quite away, through Gods *antcreative* power. So that the Quere of that Jewish Rabbi, *How can a man that is old be born again?* Joh. 3. would here have been evinced by plain unanswerable matter of fact. * Those tortures of Conscience which he had endured, were unto * Chap. 7. him the *Pangs* and *Throws* of this *Second Birth*. Whence his veins are now all filled with new Sap and vital Juice; every part of him is regenerate; his breast agitated by † *a free, a right Spirit*; and that life which brought him hither, † Psal. 51. v 10, 12. *The whole Man*, converted into perfect strength, the most healthful and sprightly vigor. There appears such beauty in his face, such lively Angelical force in his actions, that even his Guide (though conscious of the *change*) discards his memory, and mistakes him for a *Citizen* dropt down from the *Cælestial Jerusalem*.

It will not be an unpardonable Digression in this place, I hope, to acquaint you with what I have been told by the Pilgrims of those days, concerning this blessed Alteration in the young returning sinner. For though the

Graces and the Ornaments of sincere Penitence, and the splendors of a Soul illuminated from Heaven, are not *discerned* by the carnal eye; they could not be *hid* from them. I am not able to tell you with how much pleasure these loving Pilgrims now looked upon him; but I know that they were wont to relate how

The Face. his Visage, which was some while ago *disfigured* with Jocundness and Sadness; with awful Grimaces and phantastick Merriments; with Revenge, and Love, and Anger, Fears and Jealousies; with Immodesty and Impudence; with contemptuous Mows, an unhandsome Laughter, and a proud Meen or Cast; at all times either *pale* and *wan* with Envy, or *black* with Fury, or *wrinkled* with Repinings, or *scorched* with Choler; came to be *adorned* with the comely blushes of Modesty, with a graceful Bashfulness, devout untainted Mirth and holy Joy; with a strict Severity and Sadness; with the Image of God, the Image of Humility and Love, of Piety, Meekness, and Candour.

Do not his Eyes, (said they one to another)

The Eyes. those lewd treacherous *Sentinels*, that have so often *betrayed* him to *Olympia's* imperious beauty, and with their lascivious Gazings and previous Adulteries been *Accessories* to all the *foolish* Defilements of his body; look more prettily *drenched* in Tears,
or

or *lifted up* in Contemplation toward the Regions of Beauty and Holiness?

They rejoyced extreamly (for at the conversion of a Sinner there is joy not only in Heaven, *Luke 15. 7.* but *The Ears.* upon Earth, by all good men and good women that know it, *Psal. 119. 74.*) that his Ears which were so deaf, should now be open to God's Word; that they should be *sealed up* so fast against all impure and wanton Talk, against all the temptations of alluring *Sirens*, against Ribaldry and Profaneness, uncharitable and offensive Language, biting Raillery, the witty Reproaches of the Age, and all the vain and all the sinful Excursions of a lawless Member.

As also that his Tongue (that little foolish part) formerly *disordered* with so many wild Extravagancies, with *The Tongue.* Blasphemies and Obicœnity, Perjuries and Defamations; with the whispers of Calumny, of Peevishness and Discontent, with a trifling and scoffing Wit, with smooth Flattery and a vaunting Humour; so as to lash out into all the excesses of Impiety or Folly; should now be *worm'd* of that curriish madness, and compos'd anew to diviner strains, Hymns of Love and Praise.

They could not but admire (O blest Admiration!) to see *his* Hands *The Hands.*

that were not long before *fill'd* with Violence, now *lifted up* in Prayer, and *reach'd forth* in *The Feet*. Charity : And to see his Feet, which were once so *swift* to shed *Bloud*, now to *tread* in the ways of *Peace* and *Meekness*. They could not but admire to see such *polluted* Hands and Feet *washed* at the *Altar*, and the *Leprosie* that covered them, *wiped off*. But all this they *ceased* to admire, as soon as they consider'd the *Goodness* and the *Power* of his Redeemer, and remember'd *most* of them the *like* Change not long before experimented upon *themselves*.

He hath indeed *other* Desires and other Passions, other Hopes and other Resolutions, than afore he had: his Labours, his Studies, his very Divertisements; all his Words, and Endeavours, and Performances, have no *Agreeableness* with what they were; are more satisfactory than ever, more eligible and more delightful. For his *Curst* and *Wolfish* nature is changed into the Simplicity and Meekness of the *Lamb*; and the Malice of *Serpents* that was in him, is expell'd by the Innocence of the *Dove*. Vastly *different* are his Sentiments, a great deal calmer and wiser; his judgment and opinion of things (for the most part) quite *contrary* to what they *had* been: Those *toyish* Pleasures which he so eagerly *pursued* and *hun-*
ted

ted after, with as great abhorrency he *nauseates* and *loaths* : His Palate relishes nothing but *divine* and *holy* Nutriment, nothing of an *Earthly* (much less of an *Hellish*) Gusto, of a Fire and Brimstone-hogo. Even the *coarsest* Austerities of Religion afford him more satisfaction and pleasure, than the very *Softnesses* and *Delicacies* of *Cælia's* bewitching Beauty. All her Fucusses and Charms prove too weak to prevail against him ; for that his mind is fixed upon *nobler* Objects, his Soul disengaged from the World and from the Flesh, and all his Senses freed at length from the Vassallage of Vice. If any man begins to wonder at so strange Events, at so total and miraculous a Transmutation, and has not, so it be real, any dislike against it ; he is in a fair way, if he persist, willing, to effect the same upon himself: Otherwise, if he thinks it was not worthy of the Joy and Admiration that it caused in the charitable Devotes, who were Contemporaries, and blames them therefore ; he must be either very ill-natur'd, or very insensible ; and, I fear, in a worse state than he apprehends. It pleases me much that *their* Charity was as signall as *his* Conversion ; no wonder if this heavenly Penitent become strait the love and the delight of the little Tribe.

If one could suppose a *deformed* Cripple with *prominent* and *distorted* Limbs, his Sinews *contracted*

tracted, his Joynts dislocated, his Skin spotted, his Flesh running with Sores, and every way mis-shapen; to shift all these for an handsome and a sound Body, to shake off his Infirmities, and put on a personable and lovely Meen: if further yet, one could suppose a Brute to become rational, and discourse; or a natural Idiot to be made wise; or a foul Toad to leave his poyson and his skin, and grow up into a beautiful Man; such was this Change, that was effected by the gentle Hovering of Gods Spirit upon his Soul: It was no less, but greater far and nobler: if any Comparison can be made betwixt a Cælestial Substance and an Earthly one.

Thus his stony and obdurate heart, which the Thunders of the Law could not shiver, is now softned with the Bloud of the Passover: He who but a little while afore matter'd not the Threats and Terrors of Mount Sinai, is now touched and moved with the sweet Gospel-Messages of Love and Peace. Whence ever after he related great things of this Evangelical Feast; how it was the Seal of his Pardon, the Christian Passport of his Heavenly Pilgrimage, and the beginning of his Union with God: And how it gave him all things, even by removing him from them, and making him desire nothing but JESUS, and to be with him in PARADISE.

CHAP. X.

An Eucharistical Meditation.

AS soon therefore as he was returned back again with the Eremit into his Cell, and shut himself up in a close apartment thereof, his Soul by rapturous flights of Joy strove to ascend upward, and exert her self in these following Acts of devout Acknowledgment.

I.

I am well pleased that the Lord hath thus heard the voice of my Prayer. Blessed is he that now cometh in the Name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest! Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord: Hosanna here below! Thrice hail, most triumphant Prince of Heaven! Hail, holy, wonderful, eternal King, great Deliverer, successful Combatant, the Redemption of the Captives and the Oppressed, and (upon this day) the First-Fruits and Hopes to those that sleep of a glorious Resurrection! Hallelujah! Salvation, and Glory, and Honour, and Power, be to the Lord our God. Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord: Hallelujah!

§ 1. An Act of Thanksgiving and Adoration.

jah ! I adore thee, I worship thee, I love thee, I
 magnifie thee, O thou Conqueror of Hell and
 Death, victorious Champion over the Infernal
 Forces : I will magnifie thee as much as I am a-
 ble, and will still strive to magnifie thee more.
 All hail ! welcome, sweetest Saviour Jesus ! wel-
 come, Lamb of God, the Life-giving Sacrifice, the
 spiritual Refection, the holy and accepted Peace-
 Offering, the Deliverance and Comfort of all faith-
 ful Souls ! Welcome, victorious Lamb ; all the
 mighty Hosts of Heaven fall down before thee,
 and with everlasting Praises delight to celebrate
 the glories and triumphs of so strange a Love.
 And here below, under their feet, I would do the
 same. Thou art the powerful and wise, the Lord
 of Hosts, the King of Loves thou art called, and
 thy Conquests are spread abroad as far as the ends
 of the World. When the terrours of Death en-
 compassed me round, when the nethermost Hell
 threatned to devour me quick, and Satan was
 ready to grasp my polluted Soul ; then found I
 deliverance, then saw I my returning Victor la-
 den with their spoils, and having trampled on
 and crushed their power, bidding me live. Be-
 hold, even he whom I fought against has obtained
 for me the victory, and has overcome me with his
 love, and with his love has made me overcome.
 The great God, the mighty Saviour of Nations,
 hath pitied a poor perishing wretch ; he hath snat-
 ched my life from out the paws of the devouring
 Lion,

Lion, and the sulphurous stench and horrors of yonder black Abyss.

II.

But who can tell me how all this came to pass? what was there in me, that I

§ 2. An Act of Contrition or Humility.

should be thus highly honoured; or my life worth, that it should be ransomed at so dear a rate as the death of my God? Why should God the Father, whom I had offended, send his Son to die for me? Why should God the Son, whom I had so sinned against, bear the load and punishment of that sin? Tell me, what could the Creator see worthy of so great favour, in such an abominable and filthy Creature; or the Lord of all things, in his proud presumptuous Vassal; the Holiest in a sinner wallowing in his Lusts? How came Unworthiness and Pride, Rebellion and Sin, perverse Dust and Ashes, to find thus instead of the heaviest curse, and dreadfulest execution of a just and fiery Indignation, so extraordinary a Blessing; so far not onely above my merit, but my comprehension? This is all Prodigie of Mercy. Shall the careless and disobedient, the refractory and murmuring Servant be rewarded, be feasted with his Master? Shall the wilful and obstinate offender be pardoned; the despicable and haughty Villain be pitied? Who can believe there is so great Charity for an Enemy, or such Honours as these
for

for the vilest of the children of men ? This was indeed too great for me to expect or wish for ; will take up all the wonder of Men and Angels.---- Ah ! have not my Crimes crucified him, my Passions made him bleed ; and could he yet do and suffer so much for me ? Has not my Pride, alas, stript him naked, my Intemperance and Luxury forced him to fast ? And did not my Covetousness make him poor, my Ambition a slave ? But he hath covered my Nakedness and Folly, he hath feasted me with his holy ones, he hath filled me with the Riches of his Grace, and hath freed me from the slavery of sin. The bitterness of my Spirit hath been worse to him than the very Gall he tasted ; my Peevishness and Malice, than the Vinegar he drank : my Honours have wreath'd him a Crown of Thorns. The rude Souldier pierced but his side, when I pierced his very heart with sorrows. My Follity was that anguish which made his Virginal Body to be drained all over bloody droops of Sweat. My Scoffs at Religion have been far more intolerable, have entred deeper into his Soul, than the Contempt and Mockeries of the Pretorian Band. Nay, my very Devotion and Piety has murdered him ; my Addresses have been criminal and traiterous, and with Judas have I studied to betray him with a kiss. O Prodigie of Villany ! But neither is this all. Ah me ! I can scarce utter that which is still more black. Oft would my Wickednesses have

have offered Violence even to his glorified Body, and ripped up his Wounds afresh. Thus have I open'd his side by violating those mysterious Sacraments which proceeded thence : my best works put him to shame. Nor indeed could I any other-wise have claimed his infinite Mercy, but that I am infinitely vile, and infinitely sinful.—

III.

Dearest Jesu, how admirable are the effects of thy

§ 3. AN ACT of Wonder.

Goodness ! How glorious and condescending is thy Love, that could do all this for me ! and how disproportionate are the Returns of thy Sovereign Bounty to the deserts of a perfidious disloyal wretch ! I came not unto thee of my self, but thou hast drawn me with Cords : though I refused, yet found I protection. My Guilt was thy Condemnation ; yet through thee am I saved : Thou hast reached forth to me the Scepter, with the same hand which my Vanity had mocked with a Reed. Could I ever expect to receive life from him whom mine Iniquities bruised, and even robbed of his ? a Cure, through his Stripes, which mine Immoralities both caused and deserved ? Is not this the height of Wonder and surprizing Extasie ? Was there ever Patience like to that with which my Lord hath forborn me ! or ever Love like this with which my Lord hath loved me !

IV. Look

I V.

§ 4. An Act of Devout
Remembrance.

*Look down, ye blessed
Spirits, and see the Wonders
that your God hath done
here below for a miserable sinning Caitive. I
will declare before the great Congregation the
marvellous Operations of his Almighty Love. O
most adorable King, though I confessed my self
unworthy, altogether unworthy to gather up the
Crums that fall from thy Table; thou hast for
all this placed me amongst thy friends and best
beloved ones, and wonderfully fed me with thy own
Body and Bloud, the choicest Viands of the Go-
spel. And therefore will I thank thee, thank
thee now, and again, and thank thee for ever, for
that thou hast given me this Earnest of a joyful
Resurrection, the Food and the Medicine of Im-
mortality, and Viaticum in this Pilgrimage which
I am now undertaking into a remote Country.
Now I know for a certain that thou hast ratified
my Pardon by the effusion of thy Bloud; and am
fully satisfied, that if I be not wanting to my self,
I shall one day be with thee in Paradise. For
what more canst thou do for me? Am I not re-
marked with the most signal expressions of thy fa-
vour, by being this day admitted to the all-power-
ful and venerable Mysteries? Am I not united
to thee? Am I not incorporated, with the nearest
Union possible, to thy self; and honoured with the
highest*

highest Honours and Priviledges of the Sons of God. Thou hast entered into a new Covenant with me, when I had broke the first; made me one of thy Retinue, and sealed my Inheritance to an everlasting Crown in the presence of thy Saints.

* According to the word of the man of God, thou hast cured all my Diseases, * Chap. 8.

and entered me into the Roll of thy Pilgrims. For this rejoyce in the Lord Jesus, O my Soul. He is that mysterious Rock, the Rock of Israel, whence gushed out these refreshing streams in a Wilderness and thirsty Land. He opened the Treasures of Heaven, and rained down Mannah upon my parched Soul; he filled the Hungry with good things, and refreshed my drooping Spirits with unwonted Vigor. Lest I should faint and die in the Wilderness, he hath provided for me this same Wonderful Food, and reached it forth to me by the hands of an Angel; who touched me with his wings, saying to my Soul, Arise and eat, for this journey is too great for thee, 1 King. c. 19. v. 7.

V.

O that in the strength of this Meat, I may walk my § 5: An Act of Desire.
forty days and forty nights, as did the persecuted Prophet unto Horeb the Mount of God; or as the ancient Pilgrims in the Desert as many years, and at last enter the Promised Land, and have

my Portion with the Saints of Israel. The Hart
brayeth after the Water-brooks, so panteth and
breatheth my Soul, O Jesus, after the Rivers of
Joy which are at thy right hand. My Soul is a-
thirst for the Living God. O when shall I come
and appear before the presence of God!

V I.

§ 6. An Act of Acknow-
ledgment mixed with
Faith and Love.

*I have tasted, and I
know that I shall live for
ever, if my corrupt stomach
turn it not into death. For thou hast said, and*

*I do believe, that * whosoever eat-
eth thy Flesh, and drinketh thy
Blood, hath everlasting life, and thou wilt raise
him up at the last day. Thou art the Bread of
Heaven, the living bread which came down thence
and was broken for me; of which he that eats not,
cannot live; and he that eats, cannot die: the
incomprehensible, the supersubstantial Food, the
Refection of Virgins and elect Souls; both the
Master of the Feast, and the Feast it self; a
Priest for ever after the Order of Melchisedeck,
to feed and bless me. Thou art the great Offer-
ing of Peace, the perpetual Atonement, the Lamb
still standing as slain, and thy Blood speaketh bet-
ter things either than that of Abel, or the
Sacrifices of old. Thou hast admitted me to thy
mysteri-
al Supper; and I know that thou wilt
likewise call me to sit down at thy Marriage-
Feast.*

Feast. How joyful will it be to see a Marriage celebrated in Paradise, and, as was the Mother of Mankind (in Paradise also) brought by the Deity unto her Husband Adam, to see the Bride given thee by the Almighty Father, and hear the Nuptials sung by Choires of Angels; to see thee joyned to thy triumphant Church in mysterious and inseparable Union; and to participate of the joys of thy Sister, thy Love, thy Dove, thy Undeiled, thy fair Spouse, purchased with thy dearest Blood! O how happy are those that shall be then invited! And shall I (such an unworthy wretch) be one of those happy persons? Have I not these Pledges that I shall? Yes I have: and I will take care lest I break or lose them. Wherefore I love and adore thee, my bleeding Saviour: I love thee, because thou hast loved me, and gavest thy self for me, washed me in the Rivers of thy Blood, those waters of Life and Joy. I love thee; and O that I could love thee more. For how can I but love thee for this? I will love thee, O Lord, my strength: the Lord is my Rock— In the clefts of this Rock, in the waters issuing thence, are my Pollutions cleansed: my Corruptions are mortified by thy death: I have bathed my self in thy Wounds, O holy and eternal Victim, I have washed my Sores in the salutary Fountain of thy Side, and found there health and comfort unto my languishing Spirits.

VII.

§ 7. An Act of Exultation and Joy.

How are the Powers of Darknes that gaped for my ruine confounded and disappointed, now to behold this sudden unexpected Change! How do they fret and gnash their teeth, and with what lamentable howlings curse themselves, who were not able to hold fast their Prey! Even Death and Satan are vanquished: the Grave and Sin dismantled and subdued: all the Enemies of my Soul discomfited and quelled. Yea, they that seek my Soul are scattered, they are all fled from thy presence, O God of Jacob: Thou hast sent from Heaven, and delivered me from them that would swallow me up. For mine Adversaries conspired together to take away my life: they fatned me for destruction: many and strange were the Monsters that sought to devour me. And who besides Jesus would have enter'd into the lists, would have set upon so great, so terrifying an Enterprize as this was, for the sake of a poor evil-deserving and despised wretch? Who was there in Heaven or in Earth, but he, whom I had infinitely offended, to take up my Cause? Who was there found beside, either ready or able, to be my Rescuer? Was there any beside him, who to be this, suffered in my stead, emptied himself, bore the guilt, underwent the shame, endur'd the rage of men and Devils, a lingring and painful Crucifixion,

fixion, and the dreadful phials of his Fathers wrath? Couldst thou then, my dearest Saviour, submit to all this for me; and how weak, how unanswerable are my Praises! how flat and dull! Lord, I know thou didst, and I acknowledge mine iniquities, but will dispute no longer with such Goodness as thine. Unsearchable are the depths of thy Mercy, and thy loving kindness past finding out. I would declare the wonders of thy sovereign love, and speak of all thy marvellous works; but that they are so great and so astonishing, so secret and so reserved, that I will rather adore than pry into these Mysteries of my Redemption. And I will be glad and rejoyce in thy Name, because mine Enemies are turned back and put to confusion: for this will I praise thee as long as I have any breath, and all that is within me shall eternally magnifie thy holy Name. Thou, my Lord, art my Light and my Salvation; whom then shall I fear? Thou art the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? With thy right hand and thy holy arm hast thou rescued me from the powers of Hell; raised me up like dead Lazarus from the Grave, and killed those Vermin that were gnawing my flesh and consuming my Spirit. Thou hast raised me with thy Call, * Come forth: See, Lord, at thy call, even the dead obeys, and comes running to thee. How far do thy Conquests extend? My Lord and my God, thou hast gotten thy

* Joh. 11. 43.

self the victory. The Lamb has overcome: the sprinkling of his Bloud maketh the destroying Angel pass over, and hurt me not. Worthy is that Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Amen. Hallelujah!

Here he bowed down with his face to the ground, in imitation of those ever-happy adoring Spirits, who inhabit the LAND of GOD; and in a delightful Extasie cryed out several times, *Victory! victory! victory! The Lamb hath overcome.* His sledged Soul, before the whole Court of the great God, thereupon made a most solemn *Dedication* of her self; and with all *Humility* and *Veneration* approaching his Throne, uttered these Purposes and Acts of *Holy Resolution*: nor was at all tired with the length.

VIII.

§ 2. An Act of Oblation.

--- But how shall I adde unto the triumphs of the Lamb? What shall I render unto the Lord for all his Benefits towards me, for all these Manifestations of his Love and Power towards a poor perishing sinner? I am nothing, and I have nothing but what I received from thee, blessed God; what therefore shall I give thee? I give thee, having nothing else to give, that which is thine already, that for which thou wast content to undergo

a painful and ignominious death; I give thee, dearest Lord, my self: I am thine, do with me as thou pleaseth. I do here thankfully and humbly present thee all the Faculties and the Members of my Body and of my Soul: My Thoughts and Words, my Actions, Intentions, Senses, Passions, Desires, and Endeavours; my Fame, Liberty, and Life, nay Death and all, I offer up to thee: All the Days that I am to live, all that I Can, all that I Have, or Am, shall be entirely thine. It is indeed a miserable Oblation, a vile useless Gift I offer; but it is that which thou demandest, and with which I am sure thou wilt not be displeased: that which thou hast dearly bought, and which ought not to be mortgaged away by me to any other: that which I cannot, without the basest Ingratitude and terriblest Sacrilege, keep from thee; which is more than once, yea than an hundred times, due to thee: a polluted House, an idolatrous Temple and defiled it is, therein to entertain the Holiest of the Lord; but polluted and defiled as it is, so much the more it needs him to make it clean, and purge it from Idolatry.

* Heretofore sought I him whom my Soul loved: I sought him, but I found him not; for I sought him in the streets and open places, in the World and in my Pleasures. But no sooner had I passed a little from them, than I found him whom my Soul loved: I took hold of him, and left him not, till

* Cant. c. 3. v. 2.
4. c. 5. 2. c. 7. 10.

I had brought him hither, and received him into my heart. Behold, my Beloved is mine, and I am his: I am my Welbeloveds, and his Desire is towards me. Come in therefore, holy and ever-blessed Redeemer, my Love, my Dearest, and take possession of me.

I am now restored to my self, by being restored to thee: I am marked for thine, and I am far better, and more mine own than ever, by being so. None in Heaven or Earth did I desire but thee, blessed Redeemer, and lo thou hast given me thy self, and by this Gift hast given me All; for thou art All, and without thee every thing besides is as nothing: Thou art All that I love or fear, All that I wish for, and All that I enjoy, All that I delight in, worship, and admire. For thy sake I will despise all the trifling Pleasures and Vanities of this lower World, and trample under my feet whatsoever is valued by the Folly or the Vice of the Sons of Men.

IX:

§ 9. The Petition. *How sweet are the Conquests of thy Love, dearest Jesu! I am thine, I am wholly thine; and do thou so keep me still. Besides thee, truly, many Lords I had; but such as would have cast me into the Prison of Intolerable Burnings: and thou hast prevailed against them, and gotten me to thy self. I adjure thee therefore, blessed Saviour, by thy pretious Sufferings*
and

and victorious Passion, by the tender bowels of thy Mercy and whatsoever thou countest dear, never to suffer them to recruit their Forces; lest they be again too hard for me: never to let them after this take possession of that which is thine, or profane that place which thou hast set now apart for thy Temple. And that I may bless thee, and exult over the mighty Armies that come forth against me, defying thee the Lord of Hosts; make me able to pursue them, until they be quite scattered: to subdue and foil their weak Remains.

X.

For I am resolved never more to associate my self with thy Murtherers, nor will I

§ 10. An Act of Resolution and Dereliction of the World.

ever any more harbour thy Persecutors within my breast; but will bear a profest Enmity to all thy Enemies; and though perhaps they hide themselves in the inmost recesses of my heart, yet with the justest anger and violence will I drive them thence. I will not henceforwards be ashamed to wear thy Badge, or to fight under the sacred Banner of thy Cross: I will follow thee whithersoever thou callest; and though I be beset around with Temptations and Infirmities, through thy help I will break my way thorough them all, and be more than Conquerour. Nor will I be a whit dismayed at the cloudiness or inconveniencies of my Passage; so at last I arrive at the calm and quiet

quiet Regions of Paradise: there to be eternally blessed with the sight of thee. For have I not this day, to my unspeakable satisfaction and refreshment, tasted of the Fruit of the Tree of Life which groweth in the midst thereof? and how can I be any longer detained from seeking out this place, the place that thou inhabitest; or be at rest before I gain admittance into this same Spiritual Eden, restored us by thee the second Adam? Not all the fiery Tryals I must expect to suffer,

* Gen. 3. 24.

nor * the Angels with their flaming Swords, shall terrifie or drive me back, shall obstruct my passage, or keep me from laying hold on thee who art both the Truth of the Tree, and Giver of that Paradise. I have tasted and seen how gracious the Lord is, and surely if not for the Miracles sake, yet for the Loaves I cannot chuse but follow him; unless I make my self worse than the worst of all his Followers, leave him sooner than the Multitudes that followed him for Bread. I know that my divine Soul is to be satisfied with no other Food than this, that she can never hereafter be contented with the husks and the draff of Swine, the sordid delights of the World. How can I any longer relish the Apples of Death, or find pleasure in reaching out my hands after the forbidden Fruit, after unlawful Lusts and the desires of a disordered Appetite?

I will not depart from this holy persons Cottage, afore he has instructed me in the way, and shewn

me

me the Path in which alone thou art to be found.
 How do I already long and burn with desire to be-
 gin my Pilgrimage, and follow thee through this
 thorny and briary World? I come, Lord Jesus, I
 come, I can no longer resist the Charms of thy Al-
 mighty Goodness. I am heartily sorry that ever
 I offended thee, or countenanced thy hated Rivals,
 preferring a common Morsel before the holy Bread,
 and a Lust before my God. But now I am resolv-
 ed, as far as weak humane nature will permit,
 never more to sin against my gracious Lord; or
 with my Transgressions to wound the merciful and
 holy Jesus, who was wounded for them: to care-
 less and entertain his Enemies, or joyn my self with
 those that afflicted his Soul. Farewel, all my past
 Delights; farewel, ye impure and accursed Lusts
 that have slain the Lord of Life. I bid you all
 eternally farewel. From henceforth I hope we
 are never more to meet. My sins, those vile As-
 sassins that went along in combination with the
 high Priests, and bound themselves together in
 an horrid Confederacy against his life, I can no
 longer endure to see, except it be to crucifie them
 upon his Cross. My unjust Violences that have
 pierced his hands and his feet, my wicked Plea-
 sures that have pierced his Soul, I will lay down
 at the foot of his Cross, and there put them to a
 most just and deserved death. They, even they,
 were the Nails that wrenched the tender Body of
 my Saviour: They have crucified that just One

brave

have slain the Lords Christ, and hanged the great Prophet and Saint of Israel upon a Tree. For this I will detest and abhor them, I will dash them in pieces upon the stones, and throw them down headlong from the Rock of my Deliverance. Adieu, ye sweet and traiterous Vices; the Murderers of my Lord are no fit Companions for me: I received you into my breast, but ye ingratefully betrayed me; and if he had not sustained your fury, ye had delivered me up to everlasting Burnings.

XI.

An H Y M N of Eucharist.

I.

Rejoyce with me now, all ye Heavenly Hosts who take delight in the Conversion of a Sinner: for I who was dead am alive again, and who was lost am found.

I will rejoyce greatly in the Lord, and my Soul shall be joyful in my God:

For he hath clothed me with the Garments of Salvation, and covered me with the Robe of Righteousness:

He hath decked me like a Bridegroom, and as a Bride tireth her self with Jewels.

Behold, God is my Salvation! I will trust and will not fear, for my Lord God is my strength and my song.

I will magnifie thee, O Lord: Thou hast exalted me, and hast not made my Foes to rejoyce o-ver me.

O Lord, thou hast maintained the cause of my Soul, and redeemed my Life.

Thou hast delivered me from the choking of the Fire on every side: from the depth of the Belly of Hell.

Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits, who hath now forgiven all thy sins, and healed all thy infirmities:

Who saveth thy life from destruction, and still crowneth thee with Mercy and Compassions:

Who hath satisfied thy mouth with good things, and renewed thy Vigour like the young Eagles.

He hath given Meat to them that fear him, and is ever mindful of his Covenant.

He hath prepared a Table before me, against them that trouble me.

He fed me also with the finest Wheat-flour, and with Honey out of the stony Rock hath he satisfied me.

He made a Feast of fat things, a Feast of fined Wines and fat things full of marrow; of Wines fined and purified.

He brought me into the Wine-Cellar, and stay'd me with Flagons: His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth support me.

He hath trodden the Wine-press, and there was none to help: and hath given me thereof this pleasant

pleasant Wine to drink; a Cordial drawn from his bleeding heart.

He shall shew me the Path of Life: in his presence is fulness of Joy, and at his right hand are Pleasures for evermore.

He strengtheneth the weak hands, and comforteth the feeble knees: He will make my feet like Hinds feet, and will make me to walk upon high places.

So shall I run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.

Thou, my Soul, shall dwell on high: Thy defence shall be the munitions of Rocks, Bread shall be given thee, and thy Waters shall be sure.

Thine eyes shall see the King in his glory, they shall behold the Land afar off.

Everlasting joy shall be upon thee, thou shalt obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

2.

Thou hast brought me, O God, out of the horrible Pit, out of the Mire and Clay, and set my feet upon the Rock, and ordered my goings: and hast put a new Song in my mouth; a Song of Thanksgiving to my God.

Mighty Jesus, great are the wondrous works which thou hast done; like as be also thy thoughts which are unto me, sweetest Saviour.

I would declare and speak of them, but they are more than I am able to express. The

The Snares of Death compassed me round, the Pains of Hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow, but thou hast heard the voice of my cry and saved me.

My Soul thou hast delivered from Death, mine Eyes from Tears, and my Feet from Falling.

I cryed unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

Thou hast brought up my Soul from the Grave, thou hast kept me alive that I should not go down into Hell.

I will therefore walk before the Lord in the Land of the Living: and thy Statutes will I make my Songs in the House of my Pilgrimage: yea, my delight shall be ever in thy Commandments.

I have sworn, and am steadfastly purposed to keep thy righteous Judgments: Away from me, ye wicked, I will keep the Commandments of my God.

He shall inherit the Land, he shall possess thine holy Mountain, that trusteth in thee.

O quicken thou me in the way; I wait for thee in the way of thy Truth: the desire of my Soul is to thy Name, and to the remembrance of thee.

How sweet are thy words unto my throat! yea, sweeter are they than honey in my mouth.

Thy Words are found by me, and I did eat them, and thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.

The Lord himself is the Portion of mine Inheritance,

tance, and of my Cup : I am my Welbelovèd, and my Welbelovèd is mine.

The Lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground; yea, I have a goodly Heritage.

How amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts ! My Soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the Courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh rejoyce in the living God ;

Who feedeth in pleasant Pastures, and leadeth me beside the Waters of Comfort.

Therefore my Song shall be alway of thy loving kindness: with my mouth will I ever be shewing thy Truth from one Generation to another.

O praise the Lord, all ye his Hosts : sing unto the Lord, O ye Saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his Holiness.

Let the Heavens rejoyce, and the Earth be glad : for this is the day which the Lord hath made ; a day to be had in everlasting remembrance.

No sooner had he ended, but his honest Guide came to prepare him to set out on his Pilgrimage ; but entring in upon him, found him almost elevated from the ground, with his arms stretched forth as if they meant to grasp something very much desired, and his eyes fixed upwards ; whilst a lovely Angel-like brightness shone upon his face, rendring his Devotion most amiable. The Guide was so delighted

delighted to view this *heavenliness* in his beloved Charge, that he would have retir'd back, through fear of interrupting him.

But the Youth discovers him; and ashamed that he was seen, modestly turns aside, saying to him; *My dear Father, have you brought me my Eubulus with you?* To which he answered, *Eubulus indeed left us at the Temple in great haste, but I judge it was onely to set his Pilgrims a little onward the way; after which he may have better leisure for us.* Why sure then (said the Youth) *he might have taken me along with him too. Must I alone be left behind?* Once I am confident he thought me not unworthy of his care and pity; else why did he not suffer me to perish? why kept he me from dropping into rain? Has he delivered me from so many Enemies, *Prætipices and Dangers*, to forsake me at last?

M

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The Fruits of Eubulus his Mission.

JUST then as they were speaking, they thought they heard a clacking at the outer wicket of the Lodge: And as soon as it was opened, who should they find waiting there, but this very same *Eubulus*; whom their joy presently introduced? Which joy was so great, that a good while was spent in profound gazing on each other, in mutual Embraces, and in all the Arts of *silent* endearments; afore they knew how to express it in words, or welcome (any otherwise) their long-expected Stranger.

The first who broke silence was the young Penitent: ‘Pray tell me (said he) my dearest Monitor, how you came this day to leave us; tell me, good *Eubulus*, why we parted so abrupty at the Temple. I was e’en afraid you had forgot me. You see, my dear Son (said *Eubulus*) that for your sake I am returned again so soon: nor could I in truth be any longer absent from you, although I knew you *here* to be safe enough; yea, as well as my heart could wish you.
‘My

' My rejoycing was almost unutterable, to
 ' find you to day in so holy a place and posture
 ' as I did: and much more to find you (point-
 ' ing at *Theosophus*) with this Reverend man.
 ' But pardon me if I could not tarry then to
 ' speak unto you, through fear of such Irregu-
 ' larities as might perchance have happened,
 ' had I left the care of those poor Pilgrims I
 ' conducted thither. Whence I carried them
 ' strait to a Shepherds Cottage hard by, who is
 ' called *Uranus*, more innocently pleasant than
 ' those of whom *Arcadia* boasts; and unto
 ' him have committed them, until you also be
 ' fitted for the Journey, so as to bear them
 ' company.

The Youth could not here forbear from
 embracing him again, and telling him how
 much he longed to be on this Journey to the
 Holy Land. And as the two aged Fathers
 were discoursing about their great Concerns,
 he could think of nothing but his Journey, and
 the miraculousness of his recovery from the
 Grave. All within him was *transport* of Joy
 and Gladness, and in the very midst of his Di-
 scourse he would say unto himself, *Rejoyce*
therefore, O my Soul, and praise thy Lord, who
has at last brought thee back unto himself. Re-
joyce with me, ye glorious Spirits who attend his
Throne, being always ready to congratulate the
recovery of a dying Soul; and all ye who have

left the World and put on Palmers Weeds, that there is one more added to your number. I have received the Calice of Salvation, and will therefore be glad: My Soul shall always praise the Lord. And then he would start, and speak again to his Friends, and then speak inwardly to himself, *But what made thee to be so kind to me, holy Jesu? What have I ever done to merit thus thy favour? Couldst thou see any thing worthy of thee, in a leprous Soul spotted with those innumerable Stains and Defilements?* Thus was he fixed upon Heaven, and thus conversed with the place of his *Desire*: whereas none can conceive the pleasure of his thoughts, but those good Souls who have at any time felt the like, and are not altogether unacquainted with *Cœlestial Ravishments*. Then presently he took *Eubulus*, and with all the expressions of Gratitude imaginable, related unto him aside, what great things the good and wise *Theosophus* had done for his Soul, the several passages of his *Sickness*, and the whole course of its *Cure*. He now divided his Joy with his Grief, so as not one should lessen the other, and so as you could not guess which was the *greatest*; while he told him of the many *Diseases* of his *Sin-sick* Soul, and the *Infernal* Troops that had *haunted* him, and *cohabited* with him, and how miraculously he was rescued from their *Tyranny*; aggravating the *foulness* of his Crimes, and the *baseness*

baseness of his Apostacy, and extolling as high as he was able the *Goodness* of his Redeemer. This was very glad News, you may be sure, to his *Eubulus*; who would have been content to hear him a longer while recount those prettily sad Occurrences and joyful Changes.

When *Theosophus*, the Sun being about setting, called them to sit down to a frugal Supper. Now because it was a day so solemn, in which, besides, the divine Goodness brought all these things to pass; a Feast to them of such great *Rejoycing* both for what it *remember'd*, and for what had *happen'd* in it; one part of *Theosophus* his Vision hereby being *happily* fulfill'd, and they so *surprizingly* met: Before they sat down, they judg'd it fit therefore to send up their Praises (with the Choir of all Creatures) to the supreme Majesty of Heaven and Earth. For they (good Souls) who thought themselves bound at *all* times, and for *all* things, to pay *Him* tributary Thanks, could not at *this* time, and for so *many* things, forbear from turning their *Congratulations* of each other, into *Adorations* of *Him*. 'Doth not (said one of them) every Creature which is in Heaven, and on the Earth, and under the Earth, and such as are in the Sea, and all that are in them, bow down and worship our Creator? And can we *alone* of all his Creatures be silent? Then they

M 3

bowed

bowed all three, and said, *Glory be to God on high! Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever. Blessed be the Lord our God from everlasting to everlasting. With Seraphins, Cherubins, Thrones, Virtues, Powers, Dominations, Principalities, Archangels, Angels, the holy Animals surrounding the Throne of the Great King, the four and twenty Elders, all the mighty Princes and glorious Lovers in that happy Court, all the heavenly Hosts, with these and all the Pilgrims arrived there, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Evangelists, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, Widows, holy Doctors, and all holy and humble Men and Women; we praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we give thanks unto thee, and shall ever love, O God, to celebrate thy Glories.*— For this let no profane Person blame their Piety.

After they were seated at the Table, and the Supper was blessed, *Theosophus* said to *Eubulus*, 'You satisfied me; but now how much *Calodulus* stirr'd himself to get off the imprisonment from you', and both my other 'Friends and dear Assistants! but I long to 'hear how you have succeeded in your Labours. The Youth told him also, *He* was impatient to know what had befallen him, since *he* was taken from him by those ill men; and where *he* came to light on those Pilgrims whom *he* spake

spake of. *Eubulus* promised to tell them in order what they desired, and thus began.

Most Reverend Father *Theosophus*, after that you had sent me out, together with my worthy Fellow-labourers in Christ, *Orthodoxus* and *Uranius*, to visit the Roads and Highways, with charge that we should bring to you all the Sick and the Lame we could find, to be healed and made whole; and that we should give Directions to, and set aright as many as straggle out of their way, and proffer them safe conduct to the Holy Land; and had therefore disposed us for several parts, that we might bring the more in unto you, and gather a company of Pilgrims not inconsiderable for their number: We all, after about a years Travels, met together, according to our promise, in the delightful Vally of *Edena*, to give each other an account of our success; but without any intent of returning back to you as yet. We had sad Stories enough to tell one to another; and here we passed some weeks, employing them as well as we could. I should be of a very hard nature, if I could without Tears relate unto you how ill we succeeded. For though we said never so much, we could not perswade the Sick that they were so; and those who halted thought themselves to run in the Paths of Righteousness: they that were poor, esteemed

' themselves most *rich*; and they that were
 ' *miserable*, most *happy*: If any one was so *mis-*
 ' *led* as to *lose* himself, he yet verily believed
 ' that all the World beside was *lost*, and he *a-*
 ' *lone* in the *Way* which would bring him to
 ' *Paradise*. Nay, some thought they should
 ' possess the *Canaan* of the Blessed, without so
 ' much as going through the *Red Sea*, or pas-
 ' sing over *Jordan*; without being *baptized* in-
 ' to the *Death* of Christ, or *purified* in the *Ri-*
 ' *ver* of *Life* that parts our *eternal* Happiness.
 ' As many as were able *ran from* us, and those
 ' that were *not* able, made a shift to *crawl away*,
 ' and *kick* at us. My *Advice* was disgustful
 ' and harsh: *Orthodoxus's Reason* not at all a-
 ' greeable to their *Errours*: and even the *Plea-*
 ' *santness* and divine *Eloquence* of our *Uranus*
 ' *liked not*. We all suffered very *much*, onely I
 ' think if there were any *difference* of our *Suf-*
 ' *ferings*, *Orthodoxus* had the *hardest* measure.
 ' Having now past these *Storms* and *Brunts* of
 ' the World, *here* I told you we thought to
 ' *rest*.

' But the HOLY WAR growing still
 ' more *fierce*, we could not expect to lie long
 ' hid in our beloved Retirement. The Soul-
 ' diers who were sent to ravage that part of
 ' the Country, quickly found us out, and made
 ' us their Prisoners. As we were tumultuously
 ' carried thence, (Good God!) how many
 ' *dismal*

'dismal sights had we before us, and round a-
 'bout us! I am sure it was not over-pleasant
 'to our eyes to see such Harras and Havock
 'made every-where; to see the Earth laden
 'with dead Bodies, and the Waters mixed and
 'defiled with Bloud. The *Devils* themselves
 'might glut their *Envy*, with seeing what
 'we saw. In truth, nothing ever frightened us
 'more.

'My Friends, I have often (said *Theosophus*)
 'lamented by my self the Folly of these Pil-
 'grims now-a-days, who maintain this *Holy*
 'War; a War which is not, alas, to win (as
 'of old it was) the *Holy Land*, or gain the
 '*Jerusalem* of the Lord; but even about the
 'Way thither. Than which, my *Eubulus*, can
 'any thing be more ridiculous, more unhap-
 'pily ridiculous? It would be a very strange
 'madness, methinks, in any one, to denounce
 'open Hostility against all such as do not go
 'with him in the *same* Road.

'Yet so it was (said *Eubulus*) by these
 'Pilgrim-Souldiers who professed to fight un-
 'der his Banner who is Lord of all the mighty
 'Hosts; we were seized in that place, onely for
 'not going the way as they did: In that we
 'thought it safest to be conducted by *Moses*
 'and *Aaron*, the Secular and Ecclesiastick Pow-
 'ers; (quietly following them thorough this
 'World, this *Wilderness* of Sorrow and mishaps,
 'into

' into the Land of great Plenty and Gods faith-
 ' ful Promises, which is on the *other* side:)
 ' and refused to joyn with any gainfaying Co-
 ' rah or rebellious *Dathan*, against the Priestly
 ' or the Kingly Office; so to be swallowed up
 ' into Hell with the Transgressors. I thank
 ' my God heartily for whatever I sustained at
 ' their hands, and shall quite pass it over. On-
 ' ly the loss of a small Casket which just before
 ' we were taken I threw unwillingly into the
 ' River, doth now somewhat trouble me: for
 ' looking back, I think I saw a young man
 ' take it up.

With that *Theosophus* delivers to him the
 little Box, which had caused such a Commotion
 in him, when on the shore of *Thamus* his me-
 lancholy stream, he lay a while agoone so low
 dejected. This, as he designed it should, sur-
 prized *Eubulus* very strangely. Who with
 great signs of wonder taking it into his hands,
 and kissing it, desired to know by what Pro-
 vidence he came by it. In answer whereunto
Theosophus gave him the Story, in as few words
 as he could, of what had passed since their de-
 parture, and of his meeting with the two
 Youths *Parthenius* and *Theophilus*.

So rising from Supper, satisfied with the
 good things that Providence had prepared,
 and refreshed with such pious and profitable Re-
 lations; they ended it with this Paschal Hymn,
Christ

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the Feast,—— 1 Cor. c. 5, v. 7, &c. These three Friends, while they sat at Table, were much more delighted with the sweets of Temperance and innocent Mirth, than others are usually with all the abundance of a luxurious Feast; and when they rose, were not rendred unapt to praise him who had fed them.

Eubulus would have put off what remained, to another opportunity, but that *Theosophus* was willing to hear it out, and the young Convert was very uneasie, till he knew what befel him, after they two were separated.

‘Well, said *Eubulus*, I will proceed: We were, as I have told you (speaking to *Theosophus*) by the diligent working of that *Calodulus*, a most faithful Servant, you know, unto the Loyal *Philanax* (that but lately was so judicially and yet so barbarously butcher’d;) soon set at liberty. You may remember also that I told you by what Art of his, *Theomachus* was prevailed with to release *Orthodoxus*, who was in danger to tarry behind us. Thus we, who expected none other delivery but that of Death, were by the gracious appointment of Heaven, after a very short stay, delivered. *Orthodoxus* thereupon, I think, meant to leave the Island; *Ziranius*, as a Shepherd, returned to the charge of

' of his Flock ; and I, lastly, went in search af-
 ' ter this Youth who sits by me, purposing ne-
 ' ver to see your face, until I should have found
 ' out either him, or some other *bewilder'd* Pil-
 ' grim, and brought him hither to be set and
 ' directed by you into the *Way of Truth*.
 ' Whom I found indeed heedlessly roving in the
 ' Paths of Death : [At this the abashed Youth
 modestly casting down his looks upon the
 ground, with Tears and Blushes, softly said
 unto himself, *I remember my Folly* :] ' But in
 ' which I shall ever rejoyce, I gained him over.
 ' Several times afore, dear Sir, he had refused ;
 ' but now, contrary to his custom, he thanked
 ' me for my Charity, and with an honest free-
 ' nefs consented to follow me.

' We were not far from your Lodge, unto
 ' which the good old *Eusebius* had directed us,
 ' when the Tragedy first began. But you both
 ' know I am no Tragical Relator, and always
 ' love to pass such things by. Besides, this
 ' Youth can tell it better than I can.

' After that you, my dear Youth, was torn
 ' from me by those *Lictors* of Conscience we
 ' met with in the Fields, I for some while
 ' heard your pitiful cries and shrieks ; but not
 ' any ways able to deliver you out of their
 ' bloody hands, I walked up and down in the
 ' Woods sorrowing, and quite despairing then
 ' ever to see you again. While I was thus sor-
 ' rowfully

‘rowfully walking alone, this same Prayer,
 ‘which I can yet remember, struck mine
 ‘ears.

*Most merciful, most holy
 Father, how is thy Name
 profaned, thy Truth slighted,*

*A Prayer for the Church
 in time of Persecution
 and Tumults.*

*thy Temples polluted! how are we driven up
 and down like Sheep without a Shepherd!
 Though we are the Sheep of thy Hand, and part of
 thy Possession, yet are we scattered. Why do the
 People rage, and imagine thus a vain thing against
 the Lord, and against his Christ? Behold, O
 Lord, and have mercy: O let not the Gates of
 Hell prevail against thy Church. Thou hast pro-
 mised that they shall not prevail. Be merciful,
 be merciful, for thy Names sake have mercy on
 us; lest we faint and die in this Wilderness, and
 enter not into the Land of thy Promises, into the
 Regions of Peace and Charity, there to be blessed
 to all eternity with the fruition of thy Glory.
 Do thou, O God, who art the Author of Peace, and the
 Lover of Concord, in knowledge of whom standeth
 our eternal Life, whose service is perfect freedom,
 the most absolute liberty; defend us thy humble
 Servants, thy poor Pilgrims, from all the Assaults
 either open or secret, from within us or without
 us, of our and thine Enemies, that we surely tru-
 sting in thy Defence, may not fear the Power of
 any Adversaries Spiritual or Temporal, through
 the Might of Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace, our
 Lord and our Protector. Amen.*

‘As

‘ As I was considering whence it should
 ‘ come, a Lad running unto me courteously
 ‘ entreated me to step into the next Cave;
 ‘ for that (he said) several Pilgrims were hid-
 ‘ den therein, to avoid the heat of the Persecu-
 ‘ tion, who against the approaching Solemn-
 ‘ ties of Easter, desir’d to ease themselves by
 ‘ humble Confession.

‘ I followed him, and having enter’d the
 ‘ Cave, found there *Eusebius*, that pious aged
 ‘ Pilgrim I told you of, the humble *Chamalus*,
 ‘ the abstemious *Sophron*, the weeping *Ansel-
 ‘ mus*, the incomparably devout *Maria*, the
 ‘ chaste and matchless *Parthenia*, and the little
 ‘ lovely Child *Erastus* ; all sitting together in
 ‘ a knot, entertaining each other in their turns
 ‘ with discourses of Piety and Religion. I
 ‘ heard them striving to celebrate that wonder-
 ‘ ful, that unknown Sorrow of their Lord,
 ‘ which was then by Holy Church commemo-
 ‘ rated, (it being the Passion-week ;) but
 ‘ finding no *Words* were able to express it, they
 ‘ tried whether *Tears* could : and seemed (I
 ‘ think) to speak it best in the *sittingness* of
 ‘ their Eyes, and the *burstingness* of their Hearts.
 ‘ With beholding this goodly Spectacle I was
 ‘ highly pleased. And through fear lest I
 ‘ should disorder it, I stopped my self together
 ‘ with the Lad, whose name is *Areteus*, as soon
 ‘ as we were entred. But spying us, they
 ‘ came

' came forthwith to the Caves mouth, carried
' me in, and shewed far greater respect toward
' me truly than I either deserve, or can with
' modesty relate. From thence, after that
' week of Sorrow was over, I brought them
' to the Temple, the place of our happy unex-
' pected meeting.

Then turning to the young Convert, & embracing him, he said, ' Now, my dearest Son,
' (for so I love still to call you) never were
' my grey hairs delighted with any thing more
' than with this your Return into the Bosom of
' our afflicted Church; afflicted and despised
' indeed, like her Lord and Master, crucified be-
' twixt both the extreams of Superstition and
' Profaneness. Your Friend *Theophilus* hath
' ever since I told him of your Rambling,
' sought after you sorrowing, and now con-
' cludes that you are dead. How glad will he
' be when we shall surprize him with this
' News!

Eubulus was here call'd away in haste by a
Shepherds Boy, whereupon taking his leave of
them abruptly, he onely said, that he hoped
ere long to see his young Friend on his Pilgri-
mage. Both could discern much sorrow in his
looks, and would very fain have stopped him
to know the cause thereof; but he being gone,
were very much (especially the Youth) trou-
bled at his sudden departure.

CHAP. XII.

Timotheus relates his Travels unto the Burning Vale of Tophet.

ON the morrow the good old man and his Guest walking forth into the Fields to delight themselves with the pleasant resurrection of the Spring, very melancholy that *Eubulus* had the night afore so left them, they discoursed together, remembering his parting words concerning this intended *Pilgrimage* to seek out the *Site of Paradise*.

‘ I purposed yesterday, said the good man, forthwith to set you out on your Journey with *Eubulus*, had he not been call’d away from us; but now it has so fell out, I would have you tarry with me a while longer: and that I may be the better able to direct you in the *Pilgrimage* which you designe, I must beg, my Friend, since we are in the open air, and have leisure, to hear from you the History of your Life and your Travels, and how you came to be left in that miserable condition wherein I first found you, upon which *Eubulus* but slightly totched.

Reverend Father, (answered the Guest) I will

Nature (being so restrained) in all this while break out: till at last I was sent to an Uncle, who inhabits the further part of this Island, to avoid the Infection of the Town which increased dayly. Who received me with great expressions of Joy, taking truly, whilst I tarried with him, no less care of me than of his own Son. At his House I became acquainted with an excellent person, one *Theophilus*, whom I remember that last night both you and *Eubulus* spake concerning; a Youth indeed of such noble Qualities and heroick Virtues, which made him attract the hearts of all who ever beheld him. I for my part was ravished with the native sweetness of his Temper, and found no delight except in his company; whom alone I made my Friend and Partner of my Breast. But alas! after some few months, I received the fatal Message of my Mothers death, and of my Fathers taking to the Wars.

It was a good while before I could recover of that Grief, with which I was seized by so unwelcome News. But I was no sooner come to my self, when out of a mad humour some Frolick, I resolved to forsake my dearest Friends, and amongst them the good *Theophilus* also, who hath ever since, it seems, been seeking me. And to this end I perswaded my self, that I was now free from all Incumbrances of

filial

filial Obligations, and at liberty to rove whither my Fancy should lead me.

Thereupon leaving my Uncle's house, I saw *two Ways; the one was a small unbeaten Trac, over-grown with Briars and Bushes, trodden onely by a few poor despicable Pil-

* Οὐδὲν δὲ ἐστὶν διδασκαλίας καὶ ἐκδοῦναι
ἐπὶ τῷ πατρὶ, ἐπὶ τῷ σπλάχνῳ διὰ τοῦ
ἐκείνου διὰ πολλὰ ἔτη δὲ οὐδὲν ἐπ' αὐτῷ
καὶ γὰρ ἐστὶν τῶν μαθητῶν ἐκκαταλείπει
ἀρχαῖοι τῷ θεῷ. ἐπ' αὐτῷ δὲ ἀρχαῖοι τῷ
σπλάχνῳ, &c. D. Barnab. Epist.
p. 248. Voss.

grims: the other was a large spacious Road, paved under feet with the richest Marble, impaled with Towns and Cities on each side, and every-where adorned with many curious and magnificent Structures. Which as soon as I perceived to be crowded with such vast multitudes of people, expressing Mirth and Jollity in their face and gesture, I could not be long detained from mixing my self among them, to find if there was any thing worthy to delight so numerous and confused an *Oglio* of all Languages and Nations.

But as I was joyning my self unto this pleasant Crew, there came up to me a venerable aged man, who pulling me by the sleeve called me aside. 'Honest Friend (says he) I am 'sorry to find you in *this* place, and with *such* 'Company. You *mistake* these men very 'much, if you guess at them by their *looks*: 'they are in truth the most *foolish* and *unhappy* 'Creatures in the World. Is it any *pleasure*,

‘ think you, to *die* with *Laughter*, or to run
 ‘ *skipping* into the *Flames* of *TOPHET* ?
 ‘ Do you count those men the onely *wise* whose
 ‘ *Phrensie* makes them *merry* ; or those *happy*
 ‘ alone who run *hoodwinkt* upon *Misery* ? Ha-
 ving spoke these few words with more than
 ordinary *vehemence* , he was interrupted by
 them ; for they had now perceived him dis-
 coursing with me, and knew presently what
 was *therein* his designe. Wherefore some of
 them plucked him by the *Beard*, others slung
Dirt at him, some also *spitting* in his face, call’d
 him *Old Dotard*, whilst even *Boys* too taunted
 and reviled him, and the most *moderate* of a-
 ny bad him *depart*.

Thus being rid of my cumbersome Moni-
 tor, I accepted of their company, and freely
 assented to march along with them, and con-
 form my self to their Example in every thing.
 I first asked several of those who stood nearest
 me, to what place they were travelling so fast ?
 Some said to *this* place, and some to *another* ;
 but the more Ingenuous told me they knew
 not whither. Although I was not much sa-
 tisfied with such Answers, yet was I resolved
 to follow so *jovial* a Gang, if it were even to
 the *Devil*.

Then jostling presently into the Throng, I
 was in an instant carried on several *miles*, be-
 fore I knew my self to be moved one *step* for-
 wards ;

wards ; till we came to a stately Palace very commodiously placed upon this Road, to entertain such unhappy mis-led Travellers as pass continually by. I was glad to rest my self any-where, and therefore without much ado yielded to take Repast at this Royal Inne, into which I was easily introduced among the rest. Where to see the flocking of Courtiers about a Stranger, made me welnigh run beside my Wits. *Some* accosted me with many ceremonious Salutations, interfering pretty fashionable Oatls and modish Curtesies with their words: *Others* demanded what News from the Camp, and what both Armies intended to do that Summer; and one of a more comical humour than any of the rest, very gravely delivering himself in *Redouts, Mantelets, Courtiues, Palisades*, and a thousand other as lofty Bantrums, would needs read to me a Lecture of the Art of War: Another sort would seem to pry deepest in all the *Machivellian* Artifices, and *Muscovitish* Frauds of crafty States-men; delighting to discourse of the Intrigues of foreign Courts. But the most pleasant of all were in my mind a parcel of *Amorous* Fools, as void of *Sense* as they were of *Virtue*. Had you but heard their Vows, their Protestations, their Dyings for *Chloe* a gaudy painted Quean, a foul rotten prostituted Strumpet; you would wonder that ever men could arrive to such a degree of Madness.

Their immodest Pranks and filthy Pleasures, their lascivious Glances, their Dresses, their Motions, Gellies, passionate and languishing Speeches, had so much of the Devil in them, and so much of foolish Sin, and frantick Vice, that you I believe would have taken it for the very *Bedlam* of Hell. There sate an old decrepit doting Lover, writhen-faced and bald-pated, toothless and blear-eyed, wantonly flickering over a young Girl: and there an old deformed Crone that could neither see nor hear, set off with her Pencil and Alembick-waters, caterwauling after a lusty Youth. You might have seen many of these philter'd and bewitch'd even to a piece of Pastbord, a painted Fiend, a bedaubed Picture. And if you observed too the effects thereof, you might have seen *Paleness* in this mans face, and *Flushings* in the others: one was *burnt*, and another *freezed*; was either *scorched* with *Flames*, or *dissolved* into *Tears*; had either his Bloud *clodded* with *cold* Damps and Affrightments, or his Heart *tortured* with excessive *Burnings*. These discoursed to me of their Amours, their Assignations, how many Hearts they had won, and such-like: enquired of me with what Ladies I had familiarity; how I liked *Lesbia's* Chin, and how the Eyes of *Glycerium* pleased me: whether *Clelia's* strait Limbs, or *Chione's* curiously curled Hair, did most become them: and

and whether the captivating Speech of *Pamphila*, or the phained Languishings and pretty Coyness of *Philenis* were most worthy.

Whilst we were thus foolishly talking, up there came to us a huffing Swaggerer, that could speak nothing but *Rodomontades* and *Gasconades*, whose bombast Phrases and lofty far-fetcht Metaphors made us indeed excellent sport. One that sate by jogged me, saying, This is the Court-Buffoon; he discourses never but in the Stile of *Romances*, in the same Stile he courts his Mistress, and their high strains he picks out to complement a Stranger with: he will now run you over his Adventures surpassing all the stories of *Knight-Errantry* that ever you have read, and in *Military* Terms describe you the winning of a sorry weak Lady. After him a light finical *Monsieur* came to welcome me, whose ridiculous and freakish humour was not more to be laughed at than pitied; though pitied but by few, and laughed at by all the men of *Sense*; And many others also whom I have forgotten, not worthy to be remembred.

All this while there sate a Fellow very fully eyeing us, which made me enquire who he was, and wherefore he separated himself: One whisper'd me in the ear, that we reverenc'd him not enough, being too familiar in the presence of his new Lordship. Telling me

he had given no less than two hundred Crowns
unto an Herald, to derive his Pedegree from

* *Malò pater tibi sit Thersites,
dummodo tu sis
Æacidæ similis---Juven.*

such a * Lord or Mar-
ques, whose Family had
lain defunct as many
years: and that there

was such ado to prove him descended from
that Lords youngest Son, reported to have
died during his Minority; that to bring this
about, the old fusty Registers and worm-eaten
Writings are sifted, and Names alter'd or
forg'd: when in truth this vain-glorious Cox-
comb is but just risen from the Dunghil, ha-
ving for his true Father a beggarly canting
Rogue, who for Burglary, Theft, and Mur-
ther, was hanged upon a Gibbet: and he him-
self raised to that pitch by minting false and
counterfeit Money, robbing on the Highway,
Lifting, Gaming, Sharking upon raw Country-
Gentlemen. One of his Friends (he told me)
had stoln the very Ensignes of Magistracy, be-
cause tipt with Ore, and that he balked not
after this to cast his filching eye upon the Dia-
dem and Regal Ornaments: and his Brother
also attainted for the most prodigious Sacri-
fledge that ever was heard of, who could pre-
tend Piety and a Sacrifice to the God of Hea-
ven, even to plunder his Sanctuary, and to
take thence the Golden Chalice and Sacred U-
tensils, in which just afore he had received the
most

most adorable Symbols of Life and Salvation. He shewed me others by him who had made themselves by the more lawful Thieveries of their Trades, by Cheats and Over-witting: and others advanced by meer Fortune, or their extraordinary Demerit.

I was now ready to bite my fingers for hunger, when there came up with the Dinner a long train of Waiters and Servitors, as if whole Forrests and Rivers were to be *massacred* for, and *Hecatombs* of Lives were not enough to *satiate* the *Luxury* of one Family. My stomach was not very mannerly, for I could scarce forbear falling to: But before the Dishes were marshalled, the Guests seated, and the Victuals carved, I thought I should e'en starve; not liking at all to be thus *tantaliz'd*.

With your leave, Father, I will pass over their *mysterious* Arts of eating, their ways of provoking a *dull* Appetite, and the *gentile* Intricacies of Cookery here used; which even the most infamous *Apitius*, the most beastly *Voluptuary* might blush to own. But yet their Guts (I can sadly remember) knew not shame: the *keenest* Satyrs were not able to pierce them. For highly honour'd they esteem'd it thus to pamper their Flesh: in this sense to make Gods of their Bellies, sacrificing unto them the Preys of both Sea and Land.

I am ashamed to tell how destructive this voluptuous Entertainment proved not to *them* alone, but even to *our selves*, and what a change it wrought upon this wretched Carcass of mine. Sloath, Heaviness, uneasiness of Mind, straitwith seized me. The Bloud became *corrupted*, the Humours *disordered*, the Eyes *dim*; my whole Bodie *distemper'd*, my Understanding *clogged* with indigested loads of Meat, and *clouded* with unwholsome Fumes; my Brains *dulled*, my Spirits *oppressed*. So that hereby I was rendred wholly unapt for any Exercise of Devotion, any Duty of Religion: I was made unable to stir one step to seek out *Paradise*, or to turn out of this Road into which I had entred.

Now being detained thus fast by the bewitchings of Intemperance, I was carried to see a Play. And truly Mr. *Bays* the Poet bestir'd himself; for methoughts he drest up Vice so *awkwardly*, that we could not chuse but *laugh*, and yet *liked* it nevertheless. The Follies and the Indiscretions, and the Humours of a ridiculous or a puny Sinner, were laughed at, whilst a more gentile and daring *Bravo* in Sin, come off with credit, was made the *Hero* of his Play. Such Arts had he of wooing the Desires, debauching the Phant'sie, as if the Poets Trade was to be *Pandar* unto the Lusts of every Spectator. Nor could the Poet yet
with

with all his Cunning, afford us Fuel enough for our Vice, without the help of such gaudy Prostitutes as flocked hither.

Theosophus here interrupts him, saying, ' It is observed by an * antient
 ' Guide, that when *Pompey* * *Tertull. de Spectac.*
 ' the Great built his Thea- *Sacrarium Veneris, c. 6*
 ' tre, fearing lest the leudness and impiety of
 ' the Shows, the horrible lascentiousness of the
 ' Scenes, might in after-times cause it to be
 ' pulled down and utterly demolished; he un-
 ' der a pretext of Religion dedicated it unto
 ' the Goddess *Venus*, and would have it called
 ' by the name of *her* Temple; and so I think
 ' it ever since has remained. The Devil that
 ' seized a Christian at these Sights, being de-
 ' manded by the Exorcist wherefore he durst
 ' do *this*, answered, it was his own Ground,
 ' and he did nothing but what was right.
 Whether *his* Plea be *now* just the same as it was
then, I cannot tell; but the History I am a-
 fraid is too daily verified in the greatest num-
 ber that frequent that place. It may be the
 effeminate Gallants of our Age, who by the
 burnings of Lust love to antedate their Hell,
 scarce count this a Punishment, and are ready
 almost to think the Devil good company
 that can be where such Mirth is. Indeed
 the Primitive Institution of the Stage was to
 correct Vice: now into what a World are we
 come,

come, when that which ought to correct, is made to cherish Vice?

Then *Timotheus* went on again: After this the Ladies had me to a Ball. When I know not by what chance, looking but up to Heaven, there fell a drop of Gall (I think it was) into mine eyes, which made them see clearer, and discern it to be the ghastly *Reveiles* of impure *Satyrs* and womanish *Devils*. But such *Witchcraft* was in their eyes, that by but looking on them I my self was transform'd into one of them, and now took them for *Angels*. For here I first saw, and then admired, my *Corinna*.

In such pleasures and disports as these, whilst I tarried here, I lavished away my time. Having gained so much familiarity in so short a space, I began now to be more inquisitive, and to ask admittance into the Presence-Chamber. 'What, says one, you would see the King, the Protector of the afflicted Pilgrims, and Defender of their Faith: You are much mistaken; that doting superstitious Prince is not to be found amidst these Revellings and Pleasures, amidst the Joys and loose Caresses of this courtly and happy life. Believe me, you nowhere find him upon this Road, which he hath left for yonder narrow scraggie one. 'We hope the *Sanhedrim* will ferrit him about. 'A poor miserable Prince! his own Subjects
' rob

‘rob him of his Crown, and plat a Crown
‘of Thorns upon his Head.

One day as we were in the midst of our wild Jollity, we heard a noise and hurty in the Street. Every one went to see what was the matter; so that I was left alone. I was not long so; for no sooner were they gone, but in steps that same venerable person, who would have hindred my first ingress into this Road. Who coming to me before I was aware, thus spake to me with Tears: ‘What
‘have I caught you here, young man? At this I was so abash’d as not to know what to answer. ‘Well, (continued he) are you now
‘convinced of that I told you? What Rest or
‘Pleasure do you think to find in this place,
‘which it seems you have chosen out for your
‘Quarters? Alas, if you do, you are quite deceived: much easier are they to be found
‘in humble Cottages and Cells, in the poor
‘Retreats of contented Pilgrims. For all
‘these, whom perhaps you admire and envy
‘for their Happiness, are indeed the most miserable Wretches that you can phancy to your
‘self. What, these men miserable (said I)
who are thus attended and waited upon, who feast splendidly, and see no days of sorrow or melancholy? No, no, you shall not delude me out of my Senses. Tell me not any more of Misery in this Jovial and Sportsome Company,
in

in such Feastings as these, and the Pumps and honourable Retinue of this Great Man, the Riches of another, and the illustrious Name of a third. It may be you saw not how that Lord was adored, who sat by me. 'Ah, 'poor deceived Youth! (he replied) already 'you have lost your *sight*. The Love and the 'Dust of this World hath *blinded* you: embossed Titles, glorious Vanities, have put out 'your eyes. Can there in hellish Beautie appear such Loveliness, or can the bitterness of 'Aloes taste *luscious* to your Palate? Is it so 'desirable a bliss to be *preyed upon* by Parasites, to be *killed* with the same breath they 'flatter you? They hold great Ranks, I confess in the World, and boast much their Pedigree; but who knows whether that Page 'who was caught so often smiling upon his 'Lady, or another trusted Servant, or that 'Gentleman-Usher who used to steal into her 'Chamber, or that Physician whose frequent 'Visits were so welcome, be not the Father of 'the Child? Or else perhaps the Mother (and 'so it has been known) prostituted her Bodie 'to a Groom of the Stable, or let a Coachman 'who was privie to all her wanton Rambles, 'himself satisfy her Lust? You admire the 'Riches and the Happiness of yonder man, his 'Gold, his Silver, Jewels, Tapistry, and magnificent abundance of every thing. Why, 'what

' what of all this? Is he any thing the happier
 ' for these precious Superfluities? Look you
 ' but upon them, and you have then quite as
 ' much of them as he; are altogether as rich
 ' and happy as the Possessor himself. Do the
 ' bags of Money hoarded in your Coffers do
 ' you any more good than if they were carri-
 ' ed back to the Mines again, or drowned in
 ' the bottom of the Sea? Doth the Owner en-
 ' joy them any more than any other; nay,
 ' than the poor Beggar at the door begging an
 ' Alms? And wherefore have Nobles so many
 ' stately Palaces? If they inhabit them not,
 ' they may with as *good* (nay *better*) reason
 ' be said to be the Palaces of Mice, or the rich
 ' Mansions of Spiders and despised Vermin.
 ' Can you envie any mans Burthen, wish for
 ' *this* mans Riches and *that's* Power, for *his*
 ' Villa's and Lands, and the *others* Honours?
 ' *Afar off* they appear Admirable and Great;
 ' but *nearer at hand* nothing at all, nothing but
 ' Vanity and Vexation, but a Snare and De-
 ' ceit, painted Deformity and most loathed
 ' Ugliness. Pray, Son, be not angry with me
 ' for being so free with you; for I know not
 ' how to flatter you with Lyes; and by this
 ' Habit which I wear, I am obliged to tell you
 ' the Truth. Is the *Dropfie* a pain to the Be-
 ' die, and *Avarice* a pleasure to the Soul; the
 ' *Tympany* a Disease in one, and *Pride* an Orna-
 ' ment,

'ment, a gentile Quality in the other? Doth
 'no man care for a *Lethargie*, and every one
 'seek *Security*? If the *Fits* of an *Epilepsie* can
 'be so frightful, how much more the *Lapses*
 'of an *Apostatizing* Sinner? Who can endure
 'the *Burnings* of a *Calenture*, and is *Lust* so plea-
 'sant? How much nobler, I pray, is *Sloth*
 'than the *Scurvie*; and what is your *Fro-
 'liking* but the *Megrim* of a dizzie Brain?
 'Whosoever sure can find satisfaction in any of
 'these, may with as good reason *flatter* all the
 'Diseases of humane Bodies, may *court* the
 'Gibbet and the Rack, and take *Torments* for
 'most pleasing *Anodynes*. Let me but tell
 'you what I heard from a Traveller in this
 'very same Road; and as coming from such
 'an one I hope it will pierce deeper into your
 'breast. He is as daring and presumptuous
 'a Sinner; I believe, as ever travelled herein, a
 'most profligate Wretch that has tried all the
 'ways of lewd Delight, and left nothing of
 'Wickedness unessayed. Yet with great se-
 'riousness he once confessed, that in no act of
 'Sin he ever took such pleasure, as was able
 'to *counterpoise* the sorrow he afterwards felt:
 'that he never committed what is sinful, but
 'that as soon almost he wished it never com-
 'mitted: nor ever trod one step *further*, but
 'that he repented he had gone so *far*. He
 'told me also what ghastly frightening thoughts
 'he

' he had when he was alone; what uneasiness
 ' he had within him, and what trouble and
 ' perplexity he hath all along met with in his
 ' Travels. But (which is almost past belief)
 ' he is so bewitched, that still he foolishly con-
 ' tinues to run on in this lamentable course;
 ' he still as wilfully as ever persists in his Wic-
 ' kedness, and cannot be perswaded so much as
 ' to step one step backwards. Pray, consider
 ' what I say, before it be too late; for all this
 ' but a short melancholy Fit made him ac-
 ' knowledge unto me. Depart therefore
 ' hence; hereafter possibly you may tell me
 ' the same as he. By those *past* good Deeds
 ' which else will be forgotten, by that Duty
 ' which you own unto your *Parents*, by that
 ' Love which once you *did* (or at least *profest*
 ' to) bear unto *Theophilus*, yea by that Love
 ' you bear unto *your self*; I entreat and adjure
 ' you to return with me, to return back into
 ' the Path of *Life* and *everlasting* Rewards:
 ' You are else, to all Eternity, *undone*.

I had not time to resolve what to do, before
 my Company came back; whom the old man
 seeing, slipped from me without being disco-
 ver'd. We have seen (said they) a slight
 Quarrel raised about the Love of *Phyllis*. No-
 thing of Hurt is done: there is onely the Soul
 of *Damocles* by an unlucky blow sent in the
 shape of a *Raven* to play in the Flames of *Hin-*

nom. And by such mad Laughter as this, were the words of my dear Monitor driven out. In these Jovial Merriments for several days we continued.

In which space I became acquainted with the voluptuous *Hedonius*, the whoring *Pamphilus*, the impudent *Cynæus*, the plotting *Panurgus*, the ambitious *Philodoxus*, the two Libertines *Hippomnes* and *Atheus*, the laughing Buffoon *Gelasinus*, and the trifling *Adolesches*, *Philecous* the Busie-body, *Pseudocheus* the great Lyar, and his Brother the Spreader of false News *Polymythus*, the Master of Complements *Entrapelus*, the lascivious *Museus* amongst the Rhymers, *Biberius* among the Drinkers, *Huguccio* and *Pamphagus* among the Feeders, the inconstant *Varius*, the sloathful *Philypnus*, and several others that wore the Devils Mark. 'Twould be *troublesome* and *tedious* unto you, *hard* for me (having now forgot many of them) to characterize their Persons, describe their several Humours, and relate all the Passages, not more vicious and branded, than ridiculous and odde, which happened during my Abode with them.

Wherefore to omit all that, I being at last quite tired with this kind of life, resolved one way or another to break out of this stately Prison. (For that which at first I took for a *Palace*, I found to be a *Gaol*.) So having one day

day gained a fit opportunity, I fairly left them. But I still continued on apace in my Journey, which now grew more delicious; whole Stages of it being high stately Piazza's and broad Streets. At length I came to a turning, which declined toward the left. For I must tell you, that there is above a *thousand* By-paths, which though *different*, or even directly *opposite* to each other, do *all* alike lead unto the *dismal Vale* of *TOPHET*. This way was exceeding broad, and thronged by Passengers, (and those of *no ordinary* Quality) as much as the great one. The Streets were all Taverns and Stews, which made me leave the other common Road, to turn in here for better Accommodation. Whereof there is a Description between two and three thousand years old; which I need but to use, it being so exactly fitted thereto, by not onely the Wisest of Men, and most understanding Observer of Humane Actions, but one who had strayed with me in this very Way, and had experience enough; no man I believe will deny, as having * out of his own and all the bordering Nations, no less

* 1 King. 11. 1, 2, 3.

than seven hundred Wives Princesses, and three hundred Concubines at his Will.

* It was, I remember very well, the Twilight in the Evening, as the Night began to be black and dark, when I roved up and down

O 2

* therein;

' therein ; and behold, there met me a woman
 ' (*Olympia* she calls her self) with the Attire
 ' of an Harlot , and subtil of Heart. She
 ' caught me and kissed me, and with an im-
 ' pudent face talked unto me. Come, said she,
 ' let us take our fill of Love until the Morn-
 ' ing , let us solace our selves with Loves.
 ' With much fair Speech she caused me to
 ' yield, with the flattering of her Lips she for-
 ' ced me. She caught me again and kissed
 ' me : but mine heart already declined to her
 ' ways, I went astray in her Paths, I (poor
 ' Wretch) followed her straightway, as an Ox
 ' goeth to the *slaughter*, and as a *Fool* to the
 ' correction of the *Stocks* : as an Ox that
 ' thinks he is a going to the *Pasture*, willingly
 ' goeth to his own *Destruction* ; and as a *Bird*
 ' hasteth to the *Snare*, not knowing that she is
 ' in danger ; so I saw the *Bait* , and caught
 ' after it, but guessed not that it was for my
 ' *Life*. Not but that her House I knew well
 ' enough to be the way unto Hell, and the go-
 ' ing down to the *Chambers* of Death, though
 ' with her Eyes I was so strangely fascinated,
 ' as not to consider this ; but rather to esteem
 ' these outer Courts of the *Eternal Prison* my
 ' *Heaven* and my *Paradise*. Here also I ligh-
 ' ted upon *Corinna* and *Glycerium*, *Rhodope* and
 ' *Pamphila*, *Philumena* and *Cælia* ; and taken
 ' with their Beauty, went in unto them ; not
 ' knowing

'knowing (or not thinking) that the *Dead*
 'were *there*, and that their Guests were in the
 'depths of Hell. For their Lips dropt as the
 'Honey-comb, their Speech was *smoother* than
 'Oyl; but their End prov'd *bitter* as Worm-
 'wood, *sharp* as a two-edged Sword. Their
 'Feet every one could spie went *downward*, and
 'their Steps took hold on *Everlasting Death* :
 'They all hunted for the *precious* Life. Hence
 'a *Wound* and *Dis honour* I got: I gave mine
 'Honour unto others, and my *Tears* unto the
 'Cruel: Strangers parted my *Wealth*, and my
 'Labours were in the house of a Stranger; and
 'I mourned at last when my *Flesh* and my
 'Bodie was *consumed*. This is the true sad Ac-
 count that I can give you of *Solomon's* simple
 one, and his young man that is void of Un-
 derstanding. Many were my Adventures in
 this place, but so bestial, and so foolish, that I
 think they will be much better passed by than
 related.

I was surprized to meet with here those very
 same men that I had left behind me at the Pa-
 lace; who after they had chid me for so lea-
 ving them, told me however they were very
 glad to find me where they did. And having
 now at last by my abode here, got Vice and
 Impudence enough, I was willing to return
 with them to the Princes Court; but was pre-
 vented by seeing just before me a very great

City: to which I made haste. Whereinto being entred, I met with so many Cheats, that I was afraid to tarry long. The Shops were fill'd with sophisticated Wares, Lying and Deceit maintain'd the general *Burse*; and unto these every one had serv'd his Apprenticeship. Injustice and Falshood was in every place, and in every corner this most excellent Aphorism, *viz. WHATSOEVER TE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YOU EVEN SO TO THEM*, was inverted.

Departing hence, I went on a good way, without meeting any thing that I remember considerable; till at last, casting mine eyes about, I chanced to spy a mad man flinging handfuls of Gold up into the air. This he did, and many other absurd fantastick Pranks, as ridiculous and expensive, to gain the Applause of the By-standers. The Shouts and merry Ecchoes of the busie Applauders, and their Peals of loud Laughter had for a pretty while rung in his ears. He had now emptied since I came several large Coffers in a trice; and to complete his brave Extravagancy, he takes out of a small iron Chest what was left of his Patrimony, a bundle of Deeds. Which instead of Love-letters and *Billets-doux*, he sends unto his Mistress *Calia*. So not I alone, but every one also of those who were nearest to him, deserts him forlorn and hopeless.

When

When I saw an old Beggar, *Chryfocancrion* by name, a poor wretched wanting Caitive, bereaved of all the Necessaries of Life, and almost famisht with pinching Hunger and Cold; scraping together those pieces of Money out of the Mire. And having therewith fill'd an huge Trunk, he stood *purdiu*, like the *Hesperian Dragon*, to keep the *Fleecy Gold*. He appeared to watch very fearfully, lest his fingers should steal any thing thence, against his will, to buy him a piece of Bread. Though I *laughed* at the *other*, *this* I could not chuse but *pity*, and would fain have helped; had I not been called away to see one more raving mad than either of these.

His Looks were *fierce* and *killing*, his Hair *bristled*, his Eyes *sparkled*, his Mouth *foamed*, his Head *joggled*, his Voice was *shrill* and *piercing*, his Brow *frowning*, and his Hands *clutched*. One while he would *stamp* and *rend* his Clothes, then *beat* his Breast, and *tear* his Hair; most dreadfully too he *glared* on me. This was the miserable raging *Thumicus*; followed he was by his Wife *Xantippe* the Scold.

By this time my old Monitor had again overtaken me; whose Voice ran before, as fast as he could send it, to call me back, and was ingeminated with bitter cries. The face of *Thumicus* began to burn and glow more terribly and direly than it had before, when my

Monitor caught hold on me, and said, You shall presently see all the Hags in Hell light their Torches at that Wretches face. But I could not now bear the company or the words of so reverend a man, and therefore thrust him from me; who departed holding up his hands and praying, I guess, for my Conversion. But, according as he said, the mad Bedlam-wretch was instantly all in a flame, as if indeed he was preparing to be the *Fuel* of Hell, and all the *Vices* and the *Passions* were *lighted* at his hellish *fiery* Countenance. They all *blazed* out together, and could not any of them be now *suppressed*. Whereby he was fitted for *all* acts of *Villany*, and *even* whatsoever he was most *averse* to. The most ran away to avoid him, but those who were left he fell upon, and one amongst the rest he bruised and beat.

From whom I had scarce got free, before I was encounter'd by somewhat like a Sceleton just raised from the Grave; a pale, livid, lean, meagre-faced Gentleman; whom a Devil, *un-espied* by him (O Hellish Martyrdom!) lashed with a Whip of breaded *Snakes*. His Speech was *hoarse*, his Chaps *fallen*, his Eyes *sunk* into his Head, with an *unwelcoming* cast whereof he *welcomed* me. And *too much* pleasantness, God knows, at that time appeared in my looks, to make this poor tormented Wretch *scowl* so gaskfully.

You

You may perhaps have heard of one so ridiculously revengeful, as neither to eat nor to drink, if he whom he envies but lives on better; this was that very person: He, like the *Cantharides*, delighted to feast on others *Sores*, and was never merry but at others *Sadnesses*: He had much rather see himself in *Misery*, than his Neighbour in *Prosperity*; and to go to *Tophet* alone, than with company to the *Paradise* of the Blessed. So was he his own *Plague*, his own cruel *Tormentor*, and the greatest *Foe* unto himself. The sight of him told me *Carri-*on could not be far off.

And so I guessed right. For running away from him, as being afraid of so scraggie and mischievous a Fellow, I fell upon a lubberly unthinking Lurdan hard by, stretcht out (just as I have seen him expressed by the Painters fancy in his *Poetick* Regions of *Crapulia*, or the much-fam'd *Isle of Lazy*) under a Tree, from whose laden boughs dropped fair Fruit into his mouth; whilst seven beautiful Dam'sels were ready with Bowls of spiced Wines to quench his costly Thirst. I cannot tell whether I was infected by him I last met, or whether it was from my natural aversion to Sloth (the ugliest in my mind of all the deadly sins) that could not forbear repining at his Happiness: (For Happiness, alas, I thought it.) But the Apples which looked so fresh, I soon saw to be
the

the Apples of *Sodom*, Rottenness and Ashes; the Grapes, such as discovered our Father *Noah's* nakedness; and the Wine whereof he drank, the Wine of Iniquity, and of eternal Vengeance. Now the Dam'sels which ministered the same unto him, delighted to prick him with Thorns, and so make him *shrug*; and then, pulling off their Vizors, with their gastly looks forced him to leap down into a fathomless Deep. After which he was never seen more. Whereat, sore affrighten'd, I left, with great horreur, this sad Spectacle of Luxury and Sloth, and of the hurtful Dalliance of a wanton Fortune that is attended on by all the deadly sins, those *seven* flattering *Furies* in *whorish* disguise.

But this stopped me not in my Journey, but I rather went on the faster for it. For having all sorts of Company to divert my self in, such an Accident as this could not *long* trouble me. On *this* side of me passed the Rash and Fool-hardy, and would fain seem valiant; but that every one judged him fitter to rave in an Hospital of mad men, than in any other place: his Brain was *hot*. On the *other* side of me passed one whose Bloud was thick and muddy, and his Brain *frozen*; and he would seem, forsooth, to be *wary*; but his Mind was *really* perplexed with Fears and Disquiets, whence he would startle if a Mouse did
but

but stir, or a Flye buz in his ear; be frighten'd out of his little wits at Armies under ground: He was laugh'd at by every one, and called *Poltron* and *Dastard*. In another File marched the fond *Cockering* Mothers, and the cruel Step-dames; they with *Kindness*, these with *Unkindness*, both alike destroying their Children: Then the *Busie-bodies* and the *Idle* both together; for both had equally *nothing* to do: There Sir *Formal*, and here Squire *Freak*, waited on by *Petulance* and *Levity*: A nice *dapper* Fellow on *that* side; a dirty *Slouch* on *this*, who took such a Pet at the other, that, rather than appear like him, he studied how he might be offensive unto every one, and was well enough pleased to be thought an Enemy to all Decency and honest Comeliness; one of a *sullen* Gravity, and a *rugged* Behaviour; spruce *Ruffinus*, and slovenly *Gorgonius*: The Makebates, and the Flatterers: The Drunkards *stagging*, those who had lost their limbs in the Devils service *halting*, and not a few who were carried on Couches and Down-beds: Some (like *Dogs*) *grinned*, and others *barked*; some did *sawn*, and others *bite*: The Fingers of them were *crooked*, and the Tongues of these were *forked*: Some had pointed prying Eyes, and others scowling ones: Some had them *misted* with *Ignorance*, and others *bloudshot* with *Revenge*.

After

After I had thus gone on a good way, I fell into the company of some that appeared to be utter Enemies to the *Devil's* Kingdom, and therefore I judged my self *safe*, and quite out of my way to *him*. For these were outwardly so fierce and zealous Opposers of him, as to fight against him (which you will think strange) in several *Set-Battels* with Powder and Shot. Their manner was to bring back those who (they said) were going to him, with *Sword* or *Fire*: they would *pistol* or *faggot* you, if you went not along with them; and cried out, all were *damm'd* and in the way to *Tophet*, that follow'd them not. So now having *their* Encouragement, and Attestation to the truth thereof, I concluded, it is impossible for me not to be *save'd*: I shall be happy in both Worlds. Then poor deluded I travelled down apace with them, ran merrily and blindly on; till at last we met with their Heads, *Merozius*, *Diotrephes*, *Santomero*, *Don Hugo Pedro*, and *Mariana*. But having long before well enough known them by their names, I began to think my self, for all this, never the farther from the Devil. But their beloved Principle, that Dominion is founded in Grace, and that we were the sole Proprietors of the Earth, kept me from starting back. While I was with them, they used to discourse very irreverently of the sacred Person of *Basilus*, and to rail much against

gainst the Heresie (as they called it) of *Cyprian*. They talked secretly of many mysterious Intrigues and treacherous Designs against the Life of our pious Prince; and not onely so, but I could hear them closely project the Ruine and Fall of all Principalities under Heaven. I found now that their Plottings were not against one peculiar place or Monarch, but against Government and Monarchy it self, and the whole Managery of the Universe. In such symbolical terms as these, they threatened within the period of a few years, to lay the Northern *Lion Couchant*, to *transplant* the *Fleur-de-Luces* into another Soil, to *pinion* the Wings of the Western Eagle, to *pull down* the Triumphant Cross, and make the Crescent Moon *dwindle* into Stars.

Thus wise did they menace Destruction unto every Land, and boasted their Readiness and their Power to lay all Kingdoms into Rubbish and Ashes, and to reduce the whole World into Confusion, Anarchy, and Chaos; as there approached us Martial men terribly accoutred: who lived upon *Bloud and Booty*, and enquired of *us* (not after the best *Cause*, but) the best *Pay*. But as they rushed into the Battel, promising themselves great *Honour* and great *Plunder*, some of them were *cut off*, and the others were miserably *mangled*.

I cannot omit to tell you of some who
were

were Spectators of this unhappy Tragedy. They reserved their *Plaudits* for the *last Act*, siding the mean while with *both Parties*, sure to *neither*; christening this their Neutrality, Moderation; their Temporizing, Religion. The most cunning of whom spoke always in *dubious Terms*, leaving themselves a liberty to expound the same, as the *Victory* should decide, and *Times* serve.

At this *Theosophus* bad him stay; so they both perceived afar off a very hot Scuffle betwixt two Caravans of Pilgrims; one of them, as near as they could guess, bearing for their Colours the *Lion of Judah* rampant, and the other the mild *Lamb of God*. These last, they could see, made but small Resistance, and being not many, were soon routed by the first, who were far more numerous. Yonder (said the good man.) I fear there is our *Orthodoxus* and *Eubulus*, with their Pilgrims. At which they both for some while most sadly wept. But *Theosophus* desirous to hear out the Narrative of his Friend, bad him go on, saying he could not be wearied at the length thereof, or grow unattentive to what he so sweetly related.

Which accordingly *Timotheus* did. After so many Scenes of Madness (said he) were past, I admired to see a man that could look *two ways at once*, both *behind* and *afore*; whose
Disco rst

Discourse and *Admonition* shewed the way to *Paradise*: whose *Life*, to the quite *contrary* place. Sitting in the Chair of *Moses* and the Prophets, there he had learnt to speak fluently the Language of *Canaan*, the pious Eloquence, the divine Rhetorick of the Blessed; while in his more retired Privacies he never but used that of *Babylon*, of Pride, Impiety, and Confusion; made all his Actions suit with the *Idioms* of the *Beast* and of Hell, the Speech of the Accursed. Thus going *one* way, he still pointed *another*; and advised every body to go in *that*, whilst he shewed them *this*.

With him there went a *pack* of griping hollow-hearted *Saints*, provided with *double* Tongues and most *heavenly* Visages. These I took for men of *another* World at first, (though *not* long) and verily believed again that I was travelling not *up*, but *down* to *Paradise*; that we were all certainly trooping *thither*. Do you see, then said one, yonder *demure* Precisians, casting up their *sanctified* looks to Heaven? They that *without* appear as mortified and holy as the Primitive Pilgrims, have *within* them the Impurities of a Brothel-house, and the Covetousness of Usurers; come, let us go teaz and make sport at them. Instead of being *daunted*, I was mightily *pleased*, to discover what they were; and began to be *bold* and *confident*, not *afraid*, that I was in the *wrong* way.

Seeing

Seeing them wear the *Image* and the *Livery* of God, every one hated them, and laughed at them, (just as we should at *Asses* in *Lions*, or *Wolves* in *Sheep* skins; or as we should at *Jackpuddings* in the *Garb* of *Senators*.) We all detested their *painted* Sanctity, thought them *Devils* transformed into *Angels of Light*; but we detested them not as *Devils*, but as *disguised*, as them who were *ashamed* of *bare-faced* Vice.

A little farther several I saw *climbing* up a steep *Precipice*, on the top whereof was the *Idol of Honour*. So *ungrateful* were these, as to *throw down* whom they had made the *means* of their *Rising*; but on a sudden, by a *cross* Wind, *they* were also *tumbled* head-long down. A few were *singular*, and would go in those *Paths* which none ever before had trodden: *Fawning* Murtherers there were likewise that hung *upon*, and morose *Timons*, Manhaters, that separated *from* us: Many a *Narcissus* enamoured with *himself*, and many a biting *Mome* vomiting up nothing but *Gall* and *Bitterness*. We had also with us a *poor* Fellow who freely consented to go to *HELL*, if so be any of us would but *bear* his *Charges* upon the Road: Another brave Fool I knew, who would venture his *Estate* and his *Soul*, at the *Cast* of a *Dye*. Before us trotted very scurvily one of the *Devils Pack-horses*, an old Fellow who had
broke

broke his *back* with carrying a great heavy
 Chest of *Money*, and yet notwithstanding this,
 would not *rest* till he came to his Journey's
 end. He was followed, at least, by half a
 dozen *Asses* braying at him. O my good Fa-
 ther, you have given me too *hard* a Task; I
 think I shall never get through this Scene of
Follies. There was one whom I extremely
 laughed at, that betwixt *Hopes* and *Fears* was,
 with *Lazarillo de Tormes*, tost in a Blanket.
 One I saw *build*, and then *pull down* what he
 had *built*, and then *build* again, and so on; ne-
 ver pleased, but striving to out-vie even *Time*
 in *Mutability*, out-do the *Inconstancy* and *Change-*
ableness of whatsoever is most *inconstant* and
 most *changeable*. I should have *wondred* more
 at him, but that I had seen him *afore* prettily
 represented in a *Draught* of *Zeuxus*, by a *naked*
 man snipping into *shreds* a piece of *Cloth*; a-
 fraid therewith to *apparel* himself, because he
 knows not the *Fashion*. Another whose Face
 was *clouded* with *Sorrow*, I and my Camrades
 did all we could to *comfort*; but for *this* giving
 us a very *unfriendly* look, he turned away. His
muttering and *odde* Demeanor taught us that
 he was *saln* out with the *Times*, was an uncon-
 tented *Admirer* of the *past*, and *Hater* of the
present; not because *bad*, but *present*. His
bloted Tongue knew not how to speak *well* of
 any body, was ever *inur'd* to *Invectives* and

sinister passionate *Reflections*: all those that were either great or good, (or but seemed so) he was not able to abide: he cursed both *his* and *their* Fortunes: Happy he could not be as he wished, and therefore he would (in *Spight*) be Miserable. Next went the Malicious, destroying and pillaging one another. And after these several others.

Now all these could shew me each others *Mistake*; the Covetous Father preached excellently against *Prodigality* and *Luxury*; the Prodigal Son against *Covetousness*; the Sor ran out into an *Harangue* against the *Stews*; and those who frequented them, had as much to say against his *Mopish Drunkenness*. Nor was there any *Vice*, but which was thought blame-worthy by the *Vicious* themselves. But as for *Virtue*, (my good Father) that was so amiable, as even against our Wills, we had a love for it: nay, some, as I have told you, counterfeited it; and none I ever knew so far gone, but had with reluctancy a certain reverence for virtuous persons. So true is it, that *Virtue* desires but to appeal to the Bar of her *Accusers*, and to be judged by her greatest *Enemies*; whilst *Vice* shuns the *Verdict* of her chiefest *Adorers*. Every one knew the other was in the wrong, though he himself was not in the right; could refute the gross Follies of the rest, though he the while was as grossly fooled as any.

I observed many more whom I cannot now call to mind; but none I observed so much (and that too all the way I came) as a cunning Mimick, that could *shape* himself into all forms, and *vary* as often as his *Company*: could comply with every mans *humour*, accommodate himself unto every *Time* and *Place*. He would speak *fair*, yea words *smoother* than Oyl, unto *this* man; but unto *another* that was his Enemy, he would speak words of *him* piercing him thorough, *sharper* than a *two-edg'd Sword*: He could lye, cog, wheedle, cajole every *Party*, insinuate himself into every *Breast*: with *these* he could swear, and with *them* he could pray; here none was more *profane*, nor there more *devout*: none was a better *Pot-companion*, and none more a *Trencher-Friend*; swilling with *some*, and rioting with *others*: He could feast with the *Luxurious*, fast with the *Religious*: Was *brisk* or *grave*, *merry* or *sad*, according as he *pleased*: Knew how to tickle the *Ambitious*, to pimp for the *Incontinent*, to rally with the *Jocose*: Sometimes would act a *Prince*, other-times a *Beggar* or a *Clown*; and at several times personate both a *Devil* and a *Saint*. Insomuch that being extraordinarily delighted with the *variableness* of his *Humours*, his *wicked* cunning and *civil* Address; I was *always*, if it were possible, in *his* company, thereby at length acquiring *such* a Familiarity, as upon the account

of *sin* can be acquired. Now being equally of all, and equally *scorning* all *Religions*, for our *diversion* he would needs one day carry us over into the *Religious* Quarters.

By this time the day grew hot, and *Theosophus* perceiving that he was now about to enter on a fresh Discourse, told him he might leave off a little while, till they had refreshed their Senses, and recruited their Bodies: So they turned back into the Lodge. In their return homeward, there happened a pretty odde Accident, which was thus: Hearing a Cry, *I will be the death of her*, again and again repeated, they saw a Lady presently, who appeared very beautiful, ride by them upon a fair Palfrey, carrying before her a man bound hand and feet. *Timotheus* straight knew the man to be the effeminate *Philogynus*, whom *Parthenius* was gone to seek after. He therefore step'd to him, that he might unbind and set him free. But as soon as he was taken from the Lady and unbound, he was highly displeased, and bound himself again. It was in vain either for *Timotheus* or the old Father to dissuade him; for they found that he was *deaf*, and could not hear any thing they said: but had he been *only* so, the very sight of *Timotheus* would have been enough to *work upon* him; but he was also *blind*, and could not see the *Beauty* and the *Amiability* of a young Convert. He was
not

not indeed *speechless*, but they could hear him say *nothing but sweet Sirenia*, charming *Sirenia*. This had like to have cost the Lady her life, for the Fellow behind who made the Cry and ran after with a naked Sword threatening to kill her, but had miss'd of her, now returning back, saw her here. *Timotheus* knew him to be *Pamphilus* his old Acquaintance, and running to him stop'd his hand from Murther. But after he was disarm'd, and seemed to be very well reconcil'd to her, just as *Theosophus* and *Timotheus* were leaving them, he fell upon her again, calling her *false Whore*, tore off her Dress, and shook her so violently, that made her catch at her Hair as it was dropping from her, and was not able to save her borrowed Teeth from falling to the ground. So that the Spark *Erotion*, who here overtook her and came in to her Rescue, was startled to see his fair Lady *Sirenia* transform'd into a *soul taudry Quean*.

CHAP. XIII.

The Religions : or, a continuation of the Travels of Timotheus.

AFTER they had a little refreshed themselves, and offered up (as was the *laudable* custom of *Theosophus*) their *Noontide* Orisons, the young Guest being solicited thereunto, thus proceeded in his *Narration*.

I have told you by whom we were carried into the other Quarters to divert our selves. Behold (said he) now, whether in *Religion* there be any thing more than mere *Imposture* and *Blindness*: Judge, I pray'e, but from *this View*, whether there can be any such place as an *Ætherial Paradise* to be *desired* and *sought after*, or as an *Infernal Tophet* to be *feared* and *avoided*. Though there are not lacking those who can give exact *Maps* of I know not what *Subterraneous* and *Supracælestial* Worlds, can describe their *Confines*, *Limbo's*, and *exteriour Courts*, and therein *allot* you forth and *sell* you *Apartments* at good *rates*: Shall we therefore be such *fearful* Fools as to be *frighted* at the *silly created Phantasms* of *melancholy* Heads,

of

of dull insensible Ascotics, and the Tricks of the cheating Guides of Souls? Let them but agree about the *Way* thither, let them tell me *where* to find their *unfound* promised Land, their *invisible unknown* Country; I will *then* (but not *otherwise*) believe there *may be* such a place as the Holy Land *above*. Thus spake the foolish blustering Atheist, and commanded us to look.

I. First he shewed us the Kingdoms of *Darkness*. In these *dark* Regions which the *Dawn* of the *Sun* of Righteousness and *Light* eternal, the *Day-spring* from on high, hath not as yet *visited*; we saw the *blinded* Souls bow down to *Baalim* and all the *Infernal* Deities. You may guess how pleasant a sight it was to see so many miserable men *groveling* in the *Night*, *unenlighten'd* by any *Ray* from *Heaven*, to give that Honour which is due alone to the Creator, to Creatures and Apostate Angels. Some worshipped the Heavens, with all their numerous Hosts the Stars: Some made the Sun their *God*; Others, their *Paradise*; praying to dwell in his ** City*, inhabit his Light: The pale Queen of Night, the Moon, and the North-Star had their Adorers: (By the last they thought to be guided into the place of their Desires, and in the first a new World was created by *some*, which by *others* was made the Habitation of blessed Spirits:) Some also *desired* the very

* Civitas Solis,
Campanilla.

Elements, and accordingly chose to be buried in the *Earth*, burned in the *Fire*, drowned in the *Water*, or hanged in the *Air*. We could see a *wretched* Prince mangling himself, fall down before an *Idol* that sat on a *fiery* Throne, a Monster crested with four Horns, and crowned with three Crowns. Hither also *Pilgrims* resorting stab'd themselves with Knives: *These* threw pieces of its cut Flesh into *its* Face, that was horribly bedaub'd with humane Blood: *Others* desired to be crushed to death by the Chariot-wheels; and Women stuck not to *prostitute* their Bodies for the *Idols* maintenance. It was a very sad Spectacle to behold all their barbarous Sacrifices, their sordid, base, and cruel Gods; greedy, murtherous, insatiable, Blood-sucking Devils. The Religion (alas) of so many consisted not in any thing else, but Howling and Dancing, Singing, Feasting, and Slashing themselves. Not altogether *so ridiculous* I think as these last, were those in another large Field; who prayed to the first thing they met with that morning, to an Ass or a Goose, a Whelp or a Kitling, a Marmoset or Jack-an-ape; and so with every new *Morn* had a new God. The Birds and the Fishes, Trees and Strawen Gods were sacrificed unto: The very tops of the Hills were *fed* with Meat and Drink; nor much unlike were those who feasted their dead Friends with Bread and boyled

boyled Flefh, washed, painted, and new-clothed them, prayed to them in white Garments, and sent along with them *Provision* for several years *Travel*. Next we observed great Troops to pay such Devotion unto one of those Rivers supposed to have sprung from the Terrestrial Paradise, as if by its *virtue* alone they were little less than sure to *regain* the same. So others also washing in a Well, thought therein to *cleanse* their sins, and carried away its Sand as *sacred* Reliques. Besides these, there were Idolaters that believed not *one* but *many* *Paradises*, unto which every peculiar God was to lead his Worshippers. But with their *own* they were so in love, as to drown and stab themselves, to fast and pray themselves to death, and run with *gladness* to be cast down from high *Precipices* by their *Gogins*; (men truly I think not disguised *like*, but rather *very* Devils.) At this, O God (said the pious *Theosophus*) when will be the *Fulness* of the *Gentiles*?

II. After these, whose *blind* Superstition had taught them to fear a *burning Pit* towards the West, and pray that they might be carried beyond the Mountains into *pleasant* Gardens, there to *dance* and *rejoyce* with their *Forefathers*; we marked the *no less* besotted Followers of *Mahumed*, the victorious *Antichrist*, going a *Pilgrimage* to *Mecca*. We had time to view

view their several *hypocritical* and *impious* Orders, and hear rehearsed the *absurd ridiculous* Tenets of their Law.

III. When we had long enough observed *them*, we turned our eyes upon *numberless* Caravans of Pilgrims, *infinite* petty divided Sects together by the ears, bickering and fighting very hotly ; all closely *over-ruled* by a *Necromancer* sitting in the *Infallible Chair*. Amongst whom were *Gouevestians*, *Munzerians*, and *Dippers*, *Catharists* also, such as would not pray, *Forgive us our Trespases*. Some went *naked*, naming this the *State of Innocence*, and their Meetings, *Paradise*. There was the Family of *Love*, the Brethren of the *Mountains*, of the *Vallies*, of the *scatter'd Flock*, the *Seekers*, the *Ranters*, the *Soul-sleepers*, and the mad senseless *Shaking Fraternity*, hammer'd out (as my *Atteo Humorofo* told us, and proved from *Authentick History*) by the busie working *Ignatians* ; all zealously contending for the *Victory*. Some there were who professed no other Duty but *Prayer*, and others but *Silence* ; a third sort would enjoy no *earthly* thing, a fourth said the things of the *Earth* to be the *Lords*, and consequently *theirs* ; a fifth bragged of *Revolutions*, a sixth of *Miracles*, a seventh rejected all means, stood still relying upon *God*, but an eighth trusted wholly on *them*, thought by his *Righteousness* to climb up into *Heaven*, whilst

whilst the *other* would not stir one foot of the way. Others denied the *Divinity* of the ever-blessed *Jesus*, led by *Sacinius* of *Siena*: *Millenaries* brought him down from Heaven to reign upon Earth: Some mad *Cabalistical* Brains would have no *Christ* but *Holiness*, would have his *Virgin Mother* to be *Love*, his *Paradise* to be *Virtue*, and its *four Rivers* to be *Justice*, *Prudence*, *Temperance* and *Fortitude*; so turning all *Religion* into an *Allegory*: Even the devilish *Theauro John*, and the most blasphemous *Enthusiasts*, had their *Followers*. But now some held all these *Religions*. (or rather *Phrensies* of a distemper'd head) to be true; all *Pilgrims* to be in the right Way, and not one to be in the wrong; and that to think, was enough to make, themselves secure: Some would be of the Religion of the *Conqueror*, of the strongest side, and whensoever he was outed, then they tacked about to another: Others wandred so long from this Path into that, from Party to Party, and Religion to Religion; till at last they came to be of none at all.

Seeing one separate himself from all these, we enquired of him what was his *Faith*? who giving us a proud look over his shoulders, told us he was a *Philosopher*. At this I wonderd much: For I never thought a *Philosopher* (such an one as this) was of any. For how can he be of any *Faith*, who counts it his *Priviledge*

viledge to throw it off; or else to make it truckle under his Reason, and whatsoever he is pleased to give that name to, though it be never so unreasonable? Wherefore for confirmation in this lewd course of life, in which I was so deeply now engaged, I used to hear the shallow Disputes of such Naturalists, the rigid Requirers of Reason in things above it; and even against that Reason which to themselves they so proudly arrogate. These corrupt Philosophers reckon it a greater Honour the being denominated from Aristotle or Des Cartes, than Christ himself: had rather wear the Badge of a profound Plato or a learned Epicurus, than of the humble and the holy Jesus: and think Julian's Reproach of Galileans highly honourable; if so be the Disciples (not of a crucified Saviour, but) of a Galileo, be thereby meant.

But what, I pray'e, is *theirs* out yonder? (said I, then first spying a great company of Religious, marching in another Road.) *Interest*, answer'd one. Then again I asked, observing them to take the most pains of any, for what they *did* and *suffer'd* so much? For their *Interest*, said the same person smiling. And next, Whither were they travelling? Whithersoever *Interest* (said he) leads: and where else do you think that is, but to the Devil?

Many of us need not have been advised which of all these Ways to chuse; for the

Devil

Devil of Gain (though indeed the most pernicious and troublesome one in all the Squadrons of *Ghe-Hinnom*) seemed to be a very sociable; a very desirable *Devil*. And therefore forthwith they flung themselves into *Mammon's Caussay*, (so it was call'd) trotting on, as fast as ever they could go, *Helwards*.

As for my part, I presently took the Way of *Indifference* ; not much professing any side. The rest that were left made *Liberty of Conscience* their *Religion*. Onely he that brought us, (I mean my mad *Humorist*) so shifted from the one to the other; and dexterously disguised himself among them, with both feigned tone and looks ; that after some while we, much against our Wills, lost the sport of him.

Afterwards in my Travels I met him alone, being sate down to rest himself very melancholy. Stay a little, *Tim* (said he to me) you never heard me speak a true word in my life to you, but now you shall. We are in a sad case, we are not now many miles from the Flaming *Tophet*. God bless me, said I, thereat startled; but did not you tell me there was no such place? ' I did, says he, and so did the *Philosopher* my Friend, but we could not believe so our selves. I told you that we were nothing but Matter and Motion, and that it was a Contradiction to say there can be a

' *Substance*

Substance which is not *material*: that consequently there could be no such part within you that can exist without a Body, and that whatsoever is not Body, is Nothing. But if you and I were nothing but Matter and Motion, we should be but pretty odde kind of *Puppets*. For turn and move, condense and rarifie Matter how you please, I believe you will be scarce able to make it *sensible*. Suppose you could out-do *Architas* his Dove, with the Eagle and the Fly of the German Artist; suppose you could make humane Images to *speak*, artificial Birds not onely to *flie*, but also *sing*, Serpents to *hiss*, and Dogs to *bark* and *bite*; Do you think it *possible*, if by your *Art* you could do all this, to ever make them *see* or *hear*, to make them *eat*, and *digest* what they eat, to *feel*, and *smell*, and *tast*? It is wholly *unconceivable* how any thing should be made *sensible* by *Springs*. But I told you *fine subtil* Matter will do strange things: therefore I tell you now, that let Matter be never so *thin*, it is still Matter; nor is *Fire* any more capable of *Sense* than *Lead* is. Now though it be never so *absurd*, suppose that Matter is not altogether *insensible*, and that a *Board* may be made to *perceive* as well as a *Man*, or (what a profoundly learned Atheist said) that a *Clock* or a *Jack* are as much *Animals* as *We* are; yet do you think

think that if it could *increase* and *grow*, and
 were *sensible*, it would therefore *discourse*, and
 think, and *invent*, and *recollect*, and *phantse* :
 If you do, I will not say you are a *mad* man,
 but *such* an one is the *Atheist*, and *worse* : For
 he believes that all this came to pass (not by
 any *Art*, but) by *Chance*, by the *wild* jum-
 bling of Atoms together. I do not ask him
 who put this Matter into *motion*, but surely
 some body *must*; for Matter can never put
 it *self* into *motion*. I tell you, there is no *Ab-*
surdity so great that he who once sets up for
Libertinism must *balk* at, so he can *rank* him-
 self among the *Beasts* that perish. Do you
 blind your self first, and I shall be ready then
 to prove to you, that that *glorious* Planet
 which now heatens us with his Rays, is not
 seen by any, and is a mere *Faction* of the *Astro-*
nomers ;. with as much ease, as that *his* Author
 is the *Device* and *Phantom* of the *Spiritual*
Guides. He that has seen but the structure
 of an *Eye*, or any other, or all the parts toge-
 ther, and remains an *Atheist*, is *resolved* to
 remain so. But (according to the *Lacre-*
tian or *Epicurean* Doctrine) you will say, all
 this *Variety*, *Aptness*, and *Symmetry* of Parts
 proceeds from the *Seeds* of the things. An
 Answer *unbecoming* a Philosopher, and alto-
 gether as *ridiculous* as the *occult* Qualities of
 the old *Aristotelians*. For whence have these
 Seeds

Seeds that virtue? is it from their *Figure* or
Contexture of Parts? *Here* we are silent. Be-
sides, it has been proved by a learned Author,
that the *Matter* of the *Seed* enters not into
the *composition* of the Body. We cannot,
with all our *bustle*, tell why an *invisible* point
in the *Egg* should grow up into a *Chick*, and
why not as well into a *Calf*. We can say it
is from the *Seed* or some *plastick* Vertue in it,
from its *Fitness* or from its *Nature*; and then
we think we have given a very *Philosophical*
Account. This is so far from *disproving* an
all-wise Author, that it rather *proves* him to
be. For what can be more *admirable*, than
that in so *small* an *Atom* so *small* a part of the
Seed, should lie hid the *power* of *Life* and *Ve-*
getation, and all the *Organs* and *Parts* of a
Plant, or a *Tree*, or an *Animal*. This seems
to me a *Convincing* Proof that there is an *Author*
of *Nature*, and that *Nature* is nothing but
the *Art* of *God*. There are curious *Micro-*
scopes that will shew you enough in a *Flye*,
to make you admire the *Deity*; and discover
to you the *beauty*, the *evenness*, and *smoothness*
of *Contexture* in the *meanest* Works of *Nature*,
a *Leaf* or *Flower*; and the *roughness* and
craggedness of the *finest* artificial things. He
that sees contained in a *Cubick Inch* many
hundred thousand little *Animals*, having all
their *exact* *Parts* and *perfect* *Life* in them,
must

' must be very *stupid* if he can attribute this
 ' to any but a most *powerful* and *expert* Artist.
 ' He that looks up upon those many *vast* Orbs
 ' scatter'd in the Heavens, and by the *help* of
 ' his Glasses can descry *innumerable* more,
 ' would be very *inconsiderate* if he should con-
 ' clude them the *effect* of sole *Mechanism*, and
 ' fortuitous *justling* of an uncreated eternal
 ' *Chaos*. There is a *Quere* not much less than
 ' *two thousand* years ago put to us, which not-
 ' withstanding all our *study*, we have not yet
 ' learnt to *baffle*; and that is, If *all this* could
 ' be done by *Atoms*, why might not *Atoms*
 ' build an *House* or a *Temple*, which are far more
 ' *easy*? I tell you truly, you may as well
 ' think *that* Book of God (which those *poor*
 ' Pilgrims yonder in the *Narrow Way* pay
 ' such a *just* Veneration unto) to be made
 ' onely by the *concourse* of Letters *ranging*
 ' themselves into such an *Order*, and never to
 ' have been *dictated* or *written* by any: I say,
 ' you may as well believe this, as that this o-
 ' ther Book of God, the *vast Volume* of Nature,
 ' (which so *justly* deserves our *Admiration*) was
 ' not made by an *Intelligent* Author. You
 ' may believe *this* if you please; and *then* you
 ' are fit to believe *any thing*, so you may not be-
 ' lieve there is a *God*, and that you have a *Soul*
 ' to *forfeit* to him. You may believe that *A-*
 ' *toms* can rig out a *Fleet* of Ships, and build the
 ' *City*

' *City* as well as make the *Men* that inhabit it.
 ' For how *inconsiderable* is this, to the *Mass* of
 ' the whole *Earth*, and its *Inhabitants*? Yet
 ' the *Earth* is held to be *scarce* a *Physical point*,
 ' if compared to the *rest* of the *Universe*. But
 ' though it be never so *demonstratively* proved
 ' that there *is* a God, yet there are some few
 ' (whom you and I know) that, if they can-
 ' not *comprehend* him, think they may lawfully
 ' *doubt* whether he *is*, or *not*. As if the most
 ' *perfect* *Essence* should be *comprehensible* to such
 ' *Worms* as *us*: more justly might *Beetles* think
 ' to *comprehend* what *we* are. Have patience
 ' a little, and I will shew you how *foolish* an E-
 ' *vasion* *this* is. I am now very much upon
 ' the supposing: Suppose therefore again, that
 ' you were *born* blind, and knew not what
 ' *sight* was, how should you be able to *conceive*
 ' what *Colour* is? Suppose also you had never
 ' been able to *smell*, how could you have
 ' been made to *apprehend* the *odours* of a *Rose* or
 ' of *Jessamine*? I will bid you once more sup-
 ' pose your self naturally *deaf*, tell me how
 ' could you *paint* in your phancie a Concert
 ' of *Musick*? Yet I judge there is the same
 ' reason why our *imperfect* and *corporaliz'd* In-
 ' tellect cannot *comprehend* what *Spirit* is. Nor
 ' is it to be wondred at, that whatsoever is
 ' *Spiritual* is *above* our *comprehension*: the com-
 ' *monest* and *ordinariest* things in *Nature*, are
 ' almost as *unintelligible* and *hard* to *unravel*, as
 ' many

many things in *Faith* that put *weak* heads to a *stand*. But those whom the formation and colour but of an *Hair* would be enough to puzzle, think if they cannot *understand* the nature of their *Soul*, they may *deny* that it *exists*: And though *Philosophy* cannot give a *satisfactory* account even of *Body*, and determine of what it consists, whether *Divisibles* or *Indivisibles*; yet they look that *Theologie* should give a *better* account of *Spirit*. He who because he could not *solve* all the *Difficulties*, *denied* there was any such thing as *Motion* in the World, *err'd* quite as *pardonably* as he that upon the same reason can *deny* a *Deity*, or an *immaterial* Being. There are undeniable and demonstrated *truths* in the *Mathematicks* themselves, [such as, that there may be an Angle which cannot be divided; that the *two Squares* of the two sides of a Triangle are equal to the *square* of the *Base*; that the *Centre* and the *Circumference* can be the *same*; that two *Parallelograms* upon the *same* or *equal* *Base*, and within the same *Parallels*, though one be drawn out a *thousand* times, or *infinitely* the length of the other, are yet both *equal*:] that are not much more *comprehensible* than the *greatest* *Mysteries* in *Religion*. You may believe me, I have found as much *Demonstrativeness* in the *Principles* of *Religion*, as in the *rigid* Science of *Geometry*; though

' though not of the same *kind*: for that would
 ' be as *ridiculous*, as if one by drawing *Lines*
 ' and *Triangles* should go to *demonstrate* that
 ' *Julius Cæsar* lived so many hundred years a-
 ' go, or use *Circles* to prove that a *Bird* is born
 ' out of an *Egg*. And I my self have laughed
 ' as heartily at the old Philosophick *Poet*, when
 ' he perswades his *Memmius* that the *Mind*
 ' consists of *little round* Seeds, as when he
 ' would prove the *Sun* to be no *bigger* than it
 ' appears. That there is such *diversity* of *Opi-*
 ' *nions*, although I urged it so much, it proves
 ' no more against *Religion*, than it does against
 ' *Philosophy*: and will serve for quite as good an
 ' Argument *against* us, that there are mali-
 ' gnant *fallen* Spirits which *cause* these *Differen-*
 ' *ces*, as that these *Differences* about the *Way*
 ' should prove there is no *Paradise*. Since
 ' therefore such *solid* and *self-evident* Truth is
 ' on *Gods* side, we do *foolishly* to be imposed
 ' upon by *Quibbles*, (though never so *ingeni-*
 ' *ous* ones.) For if there is a *God*, he *must* be
 ' *just*; and if he is *just*, there *must* be a *Tophet*: so
 ' *firm* is that Conclusion of the wise Heathen,
 ' that either there is *no* God, or else there is a
 ' *Punishment* for the Wicked *after* life. Here I
 interrupted him, and said, I never thought be-
 fore that you could *preach*: come, answer me
 but *this* Objection, and I will get you *Prefer-*
ment. If this is *true* that you frighten me with
 about

about *Tophet*, what will become of those mad *Beasts* that kill men, break down Hedges, steal Sheep, are *cruel*, or are *lascivious*? Methinks they deserve an *Hell* as much as *us*. And since 'tis agreed that *they* have no part which survives the Body, why should it not be with *us*, as it is with *them*? Answer me; I believe this *gravels* you. 'Nothing perchance (said he) in all Natural Philosophy is *obscurer* than what concerns the nature of *Brutes*: Were this certainly and cleerly *known*, it is likely that your *Quere* would appear of *small* force. However, it is plain, there is *difference* enough betwixt *our* Souls and *theirs*. For they cannot understand, like us, what *Law* or *Justice* is; are not *touched* with any sense of *Good* or *Evil*, *Virtue* or *Vice*; they are not *capable* to know what *Faith* or *Religion* is; to *reflect* upon, and *search* into their *own* nature, or the nature of any thing *else*; and cannot *comprehend* in their Brain an *easie* and *demonstrated* Axiom, but *onely* know what *concerns* them. Now to search out whence proceeds this *Difference*, if you would look into every *part* about you, every little *corner* and *repository* of the *Brain*, see it * *anatomized*, you will find it to be almost the *same* with *theirs*; whence by natural consequence it follows, that *part* by which

* Willis Cerebri
Anatom. p. 4. &
p. 68.

' we differ from *them* is purely *spiritual*, and
 ' has not the *least* cognation with *Matter*; else
 ' (*our* Brain being form'd like *theirs*) it were
 ' impossible for *us* to produce *Operations* disse-
 ' rent from *theirs*. Hence it also follows, that
 ' *we* and *they* ought not to be *alike* accountable
 ' for what we do. For whereas it would be
 ' absurd to think that *they*, who are *unable*
 ' of acting either what is *vicious* or *virtuous*,
 ' should be *condemned* or *rewarded*; so would
 ' it be *equally* absurd (the reasons being just
 ' *contrary*) to think *otherwise* of *us* : and
 ' though there is *no* reason why those, who *can*
 ' not fear or hope for the *Torments* and *Joys* of
 ' another State, should go *up* into the *Garden*
 ' of *Pleasure*, or *down* into the *Vale* of *Lamen-*
 ' *tation*; there is not the *less*, but the *more* rea-
 ' son why we, who *can*, should go the *one* way
 ' or the *other*. Thus you see the *weight* of
 ' your mighty Argument : and I shall look
 ' that you *fulfil* your Promise. But this is not
 ' all; for those mad *Beasts* you speak of, if
 ' they commit any *offence* they are subject to
 ' *Man*, and liable to be *punish'd* by *him*; and is
 ' it reasonable, think you, that *Man*, (who is
 ' of a *more* understanding nature) should not
 ' be under the *Cognizance* and *Judicature* of a
 ' *superiour* Being? You asked me to answer
 ' you *one* Objection; but now *that* is gone, I
 ' long (dear Boy) to be dealing with *another*.
 ' You

' You may remember that I have told you
 ' since we met upon this Road, that the *Soul*
 ' grows up and decays with the *Body*, is *infirm*
 ' in Infants, *strong* in Men, and after that *de-*
 ' *creases* in Age; has *its* Diseases as well as the
 ' *Body*, is *disordered* by Drunkenness, is *raving*
 ' with Phrensie, is *num'd* and *stupidified* in a Le-
 ' thargy, and *dead* almost in a Swoon. I re-
 member you have, (said I) and in my mind
 it is an *unanswerable* Argument: I was think-
 ing to have put it to you at first, but it is as
 well now: Sure *this* will pose you, if *any* thing
 can. Confess you are baffled; for it cleerly
 proves that *Souls* are *mortal*, yea as much as
Sickness can prove *Bodies* to be so. ' Stop a
 ' little (said the *melancholy* Libertine) I am
 ' *afraid* we shall *find* it otherwise. Methinks,
 ' notwithstanding you can *triumph* so, you
 ' might easily see thorough the *frivolous* weak-
 ' ness of *this* Objection. The *Body* may be
 ' compared to a *Musical Instrument*, and the
 ' *Soul* to an expert *Musician*: Now if the *In-*
 ' *strument* is *out of tune*, if the *Strings* be too
 ' *weak* as in *Infancy*, or *rotted* and *decayed* as in
 ' *old Age*; if they are *loose*, or strung *false*, or
 ' any of them *broke*; do you think the *Musi-*
 ' *cian* (though he *strike* never so *skilfully*) can
 ' make as *good* Harmony as if it were *well-*
 ' *tuned*, and the *Strings* in *no* fault? This is
 ' the reason also why those of an *hot* Brain are

'ingenious, and those of a *cold* are not ; because
 'the Soul cannot so *briskly* exert her self upon
 'a *frigid unactive* Brain, as she can upon one
 'that is *well prepared, unclogged* and *unstopped*.
 'Those that are *very cold* are *Naturals*, because
 'in them She is *totally* or *almost hindered* from
 'acting : those that are *very hot* are *Frantick*,
 'because She is *disturbed* in acting. This will
 'answer all such kind of Objections, if you
 'have twenty more of them. But pray, the
 'next man that you see ride upon a *foundred*
 'Horse, go to him, and perswade him that he
 'himself is *foundred*, and *not* the *Horse* : or if
 'the *Horse* is *old*, tell the *Rider* it is his *own Age*
 'and not his *Horses* that makes him unable to
 'go *faster*. When he had ended, I said to him,
 Who thought that you could dispute so *well* a-
 gainst *your own* Principles ? Presently after
 which, I was more *startled* than ever I was in
 my life, to hear him say, Come, let us make
hast to our Journeys *end*. For I verily thought
 he was about to *turn back* ; but I found I was
 mistaken. I thought however, I might *ven-*
ture along, as well as he. He said, he believed
 we should now get thither within a few days.
 Though we made as much *hast* as we could,
 we had not gone far before he fell down *dead*.
 This was in a *drunken* merry Fit, soon after he
 had *shaken off* his *penfive* and *serious* Thoughts.
 God bless me ! how I *shiver* at the remem-
 brance

brance of him? Here I *leave* him: hereafter I shall come to tell you where I *met* him *again*. This Accident chill'd my Spirits, and made me (for a *while*) go a *softer* pace, though I *still* continued on, thinking it *too late* to return home.

I no sooner began to *mend* a little my pace, when I was *push'd* forward by one, *the beginning of the words of whose mouth I found to be Foolishness, and the latter end of his mouth to be wicked Madness*, Ecclef. 10. 13. While on this hand of me went a *Whore* wantoning, and on that hand a *Pharisaical Guide* more demurely stalking, and Theologizing with an *uncouth Gravity*; both (not unlike the twin-Offspring of *Agurs* Horseleach, Prov. 30. 15.) continually crying, *Give, give*. The last had from the *Serpent* (that *old Impostor*) learnt this single *Cunning*, viz. to deceive the *Woman*; whom commonly he *first* sets upon and studies to pervert. He snared always the *Woman*, that he might catch the *Man*: *Her* if he could but seduce into his *Way*, the *Husband* he was cock-sure would follow after his seduced *Wife*, and the *Children* after their seduced *Mother*. This *Reverend Impostor* was tumultuously compass round by the *Giddy Rabble*, who cried up his *Nonsense* for *Gospel*, and those *Doctrines* in which was *Death*, (yea though in never so plain legible Characters, there was written on them

them the Curse, *Thou shalt die the Death*) for *Soul-saving* ones. Amongst these was a poor paltry Fellow, who had *somewhat* in him, I know not *what* it was, which he named *Conscience*, (for *Conscience* it was *not*) that could *unhinge* Governments, *overthrow* States, and *tumble down* Scepters and Crowns; that so all being turn'd *topsie-turvy*, the first last, and the last first, he might be *advanc'd* to the *top*. With him joyn'd such as were of *Levelling* Principles, and such as were any whit *discontented*, setting up the *Standart of Reformation*.

A little further I met with a *quaint* Controvertist, (in the *Rear* of these RELIGIONS) who *bandied* all this about, and even *raised* Objections by his *answering* them: As also a *flie* Favorite, who had learnt (from him) how to make his *Praises* to be *Accusations*, and by *putting off* Doubts to *bring* Doubts into ones head. I had the company afterwards of a rich old Chuf, who having read that *the Gold of the Land of Havilah was good*, came *this way* to seek out *Paradise*.

Having travelled thus far, such was the effect of the *Air* and of our *Travel*, that now every one became *light-headed*. Also the *Ways* which *before* did seem curiously laid with *Tarras*, and the rich sorts of *Cement*, now appeared to be paved with dead mens *Sculls*.
And

And though we *now* began to view the *blazes* of the *Fire*, yet one would have perswaded us, that it was onely a *glimpse* of the *Cælestial Light*, and that we were not far from the *bright Mansions* of the *East*, from our delightful *Eden* placed near the *Sun-rising*.

Some of us were willing to *believe* him; and *some* to *believe* that all things were *made* and *govern'd* by *Chance*: which *Supposition* being *hard* to maintain, *others* holding a *fatal Necessity*, said they did not *go*, but were *carried*. The *Presumptuous* thought he *continued* on as *fast* or *faster* than any of us, still cried, God was *merciful*, and he should at last *arrive* at *Paradise*. But the *Desperate* leaping into the *Gulf of Flames*, (which we now plainly saw) said it was *impossible* for him to do otherwise, or to *avoid* the same by running back.

No Tongue can express the *Horrours* and the *Pangs* that I *already* endur'd. Whereupon I stepped a little out of the Road to *ease* my *Grief*. But being *unable* to move far, I fell down, expecting there I should die. I could discern that they were *Baboons* and *Monsters* in the shape of *Men*, with whom I had all this while conversed: could see the *Devils* preparing their *Torments*, and ready to fetch away my *Soul*. Then *first* opening a Book which I had *hitherto* kept, that was given me by my *forgotten Friend Theosophus*, I began to read;
but

but *Despair* and dreadful *Dismayedness* of Mind closed up mine Eyes in an horrible affrighting *Sleep*.

CHAP. XIV.

The VISION of Tophet.

I Remember to have somewhere read a very remarkable Story of a *melancholy* Pilgrim, in the first Ages of this *Institution*, who having seen *HELL* but in a *Dream*, said he would rather chuse to suffer a *thousand* Deaths, than see the same again, or for one *half* hour more, the *short* turn of a Glass, feel what he had felt. And *such* effects had this (saith the Historian) upon him, that of a debauched lewd Liver, he became the greatest Saint, the most resolute Professor of *Christ*; and *immediately* separated from the *World*, putting on such *Weeds* as this poor well-meaning Tract would fain cloth its Pilgrim-Reader in. I do most heartily wish (O that Wishes were not *vain*!) that what the brave *Timothews* in the same case hath seen, may, as on *him* it did, so (which he prayed for all the days of his Pilgrimage with unutterable Groans) on *all those* to whom the Relation thereof ever cometh, work the *like* effect.

O that *hereby* I could *frighten* the *stupid* out of his Lethargy of Sin, and *rouse* him up into a sense of his Condition ! O that if *such* an one shall turn over these leaves, he would sit down and consider a while to *what place* he is travelling, ask himself whether he can *dwell* with *Everlasting Burnings* ! That he would do *so much*, if not out of *Religion*, yet out of *Prudence* ; lest he come to feel the *same* at *long run*, not in *Vision*, but *Reality* : *greater* too perhaps than *this*, and far beyond all *Hyperboles* of *Pain*.

My Sleep was such (said the noble and truly pious Convert) as I verily believed it to be *Death* ; and a Devil (I thought) taking me up with his Claws, carried me toward the *Burning Lake*. Which, as I drew near, appeared to me to be bounded with seven high Banks of *solid* and *unconsumed* Fire ; and on a spacious sevenfold Gate of rocky and impenetrable *Adamant*, which open'd to us of its own accord, I read (with a sorrowful cast of mine Eyes) these words : *TOPHET IS ORDAINED OF OLD ; TEA FOR THE WICKED IT IS PREPARED ; HE HATH MADE IT LARGE AND DEEP : THE PILE THEREOF IS MUCH FIRE, AND MUCH FUEL ; THE BREATH OF THE LORD LIKE A STREAM OF BRIMSTONE, DOTH ENKINDLE IT.* *Isai. c. 30. v. 33.*

As

As soon as I was entred I heard a Voice; like the Voice of Thunder, and the Voice of many Waters, saying, *KEEP THESE SOULS BOUND IN CHAINS OF DARKNESS UNTIL THE GREAT AUDIT OF THE LORD*: and another, *LET HOT BURNING COALS FALL UPON THEM, LET THEM BE CAST INTO THE FIRE, AND INTO THE PIT, THAT THEY NEVER RISE UP AGAIN*. And looking back, I saw great Multitudes behind me, rushing in at the Gate, who were bound presently, and *cast into the Lake*.

A wild Wast methought it was of inextinguishable Sulphur and Naphtha; whereon, as far as ever I could ken, lay rowling hopeless Peoples and Nations, that striving to blow it out, made it burn the more, and kept it burning. Whence intolerable Smoak, with gloomy Flakes of unlightsome flame were scattered upwards, and darkened round the wide Coast. There are perhaps some subtle Wits, who will say 'tis impossible for Flame not to be light; but let them subtilize as they please, before they know the nature of this Flame, they are not very competent Judges. It was, I remember, every where so black and dismal a Night, as plagu'd Egypt sure felt not: such a Night as could not be brooded even on the face of Chaos: an obscure, a smart, a boundless, and a never-ending

(I concluded) Night ; *palpable* almost to the *Touch*. But how vain am I, that I strive to describe it ! For it was *greater far* than I can *express* to you ; nay, certainly than any one can *dread*, or *Poetick Phant'sie imagine*. Which yet was render'd more *terrible* (if any thing possibly could adde to such *Terror*) by *flashes* of *Lightning* breaking it, and *horrid Shapes* that continually passed through the thick *substantial* Darkneſs. By thoſe dreadful gleams of *Light* I could diſcern ſooty deformed *Ghosts* every moment flying by me ; and ſundry black Fiend-like Spirits *Thunder-struck*, falling down into the *Fiery Gulf*.

Moſt hideous and aſtoniſhing was the *Din* of loud piercing *Tells* and *Screams* inſupportable to the Ear, ſtubborn *Lamentations* and Dog-like *Howlings*, *Cracks* of Thunder, *Hiſſes* of Serpents, *Gnaſhing* of Teeth, the *Clicking* of Chains and Rods, *Crackling* of Flames, the profane *Execrations* and *Cursings* of the hateful Crew, their roaring *Oaths* and clamorous *Fan-glings*, and the univerſal *Clatter* and Buſtle of theſe impatient Malefactors groaning under the *Maſs* of their Woe : a moſt deplorable *Jargon* of all Tongues, and a *Babel* of miſerable *Plaints* ; beſides all thoſe Voices that the *malicious* Wits of Devils could *invent*, where-with to terrifie and ſtartle their Priſoners.

No ſoft harmonious *Muſick* was here, no
plea-

pleasant *Scenes*, nor odorous aromatick *Smells* to entertain the effeminate Wretches. Could you fancy a Stink *ten thousand* times more *malignant* than that of *Brimstone*, than the most *fetid* Exhalations of all sorts, and the strong *Damps* of *Mephitis*, *Arsenical* Vapours and Winds of *Smoke*: more intolerable than the *Nuisance* of a *Draught* or a *Common Shore*, than of the Devil of *Pentfeh* in *Silesia*; than the Air of a *Pest-house* or a *Lazaretto*, the *Nastiness* of a *Dungeon*, the Corruption of Waters that *stagnate*, the steams of poysonous *Fens* and *Lakes* over which Birds flying fall down dead, the deadliest *Fumes*, the rankest *Scents* of *ill-scented* Animals, *pestilential* Herbs and Drugs, all *unwholsome* or *lethiferous* Smells, the *Putrefaction* of wormy Fleih, and the Muck of rotting Carcasses; yet *all* would be *much* short of this damnable *Stench* here in *Tophet*, against which so many *foolish* living Wights *perfuse* themselves.

Keeping therefore upon wing, I flew (*me-thoughts*) many thousand Leagues over flaming Mountains and Rivers, and Seas of sad *Despair*; while I could not avoid meeting a thousand thousand several Horrors on *every* side of me: Many a rich Glutton I saw rowling in the streams of liquid Sulphurs, who wished they had Worlds to give for *one drop* of *Water* to cool their Tongues: Myriads of
wicked

wicked Angels and wicked Souls I saw bathing *themselves*, and delighting to bathe *others*, in the Flames. ---

They were both ready to sink to the ground, which made him here break off abruptly. But it is impossible (said he, as the Father was fainting) for me to recount the Torments and Terrors of this Gloomy Prospect: nor do I care to fill your ears too long (which I am afraid yet I have already done) with such terrifying Relations as these. A more particular Enumeration of what I saw, will serve for another Melancholy Discourse; as, whatsoever I dreamed concerning the Inhabitants of *Sodom*, *Jezabel*, *Iscariot*, *Herod*, *Simon Magus*, *Nero*, *Mahomet*, and their peculiar and appropriate Tortures, as likewise *theirs* with whom on the Road I came acquainted; concerning also the Book of *Death*, the Dungeon of *Diseases*, the *Cataracts* and *Whirlwinds* of Fire, the Consults of *Lucifer* and his *Peers* about the Subversion of the *Anglican Church*, the uneasy and restless *Disports* of the Devils, the *Hellishness* of Vice, whence every one was made his own Executioner to kill and torment himself, and how *Tophet* is not onely the *Punishment* of sin, but that sin naturally sets it *on fire*; and many other things which I dream'd of, that may deserve in their place to be remembered.

Now as the Fiends (methoughts) were pre-

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paring

paring to bind me, and as I was a dropping down apace, a glorious heavenly Youth caught me. At which I awaked; when I found at my head my dear Monitor *Eubulus*, that at my first *entrance* into the Road, and several times afterward, *warned* me of this. He snatched me away hastily. So I followed him; but not without *looking back*: And were God so severe as to mark what is done amiss, I should *even* then (with * *Lot's* * *Jude v. 7.* Wife, leaving the Cities Plagu'd with the *Vengeance of eternal Fire*) have been made an *everlasting* Monument of this.

We opportunely met with an old man called *Eusebius*, who directed us to your Lodge. But as we were in sight of this tuft of Trees, I was torn away from my *Eubulus*, by my Companions that I had left in the *Broad Road*; who as soon as they discover'd my *Flight*, came thus far in *pursuit* after me. These were they who then putting on the Visors of Religion, left me in that woful Plight, in which you, my dearest Father, found me. Next after God, to you I owe this *Breath*: I owe to you my *Self*, my *Life*, or if any thing can be *dearer* to me than my *Self* or my *Life*.

He had scarce made an end, before *Orthodoxus* came to enquire after *Eubulus*. To him, after a short stay, *Theosophus* committed his young Pilgrim; himself tarrying behind for

for others that were to come after. From whom young *Timotheus* having first received some *Directions* (which for that they were almost the same that *another* worthy Guide has given his *Philotheus*, I omit) and charged not to depart from *Orthodoxus*, they both went in quest of their Friends and their eternal Happiness, the *Paradise* of Blessed Souls. I shall leave them travelling thither, until I can get leisure to put the *next Part* of the *History* into order.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page.	Line.	Err.	Corr.
5	10	Merg. suam,	sum.
13	17	for Pontamus,	Pontamus.
34	29	than by any,	than any.
35	19	Diceus,	Dicæus.
	20	Spudeus,	Spudæus.
55	27	pretty,	petty.
58	20	Temple,	Tempe.
68	17	Shione,	Chione.
83	26	tardy,	to dye.
84	2	pulling,	puling.
86	7	with them to,	with, to.
97	15	wearied,	wearied.
99	8	Sorrowfully painful,	sorrowfully tuneful.
106	11	best,	blest.
107	28	had,	have.
117	19	spir on,	spat on.
123	13	Rotteneſs,	Rotteness.
153	10	pursue,	pursue.
154	14	of the,	of that.
160	9	feedeth in,	feedeth me in.
170	1	greed,	Great.
172	5	ſet,	ſet aright.
174	29	Areteus,	Arctæus.
193	16	own,	owe.
200	18	one,	me.
201	27	that could;	that I could:

